

Nº 20

SPECIAL FEATURE!

A fascinating novelette on naval cadet life at Annapolis, complete in this number.

5 CENTS

ARMY AND NAVY

A Weekly Publication for Our Boys

ROMANCE SPORTS ADVENTURE



WITH A FRIGHTENED CRY, NIGEL FELL THROUGH THE GAP.

(From "In Forbidden Nepaul," by Wm. Murray Graydon).

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THE MESS ROOM.

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.

By JOSEPH COBLENTZ GROFF.

In the language of the sailor, the dining-room at the Naval Academy is known as the mess room. It occupies one-half of the entire lower floor of New Quarters, being to the right of the main entrance, and is large enough to accommodate easily the entire battalion at one sitting.

The tables are long, each capable of seating twenty-six cadets, and are arranged in three rows with wide aisles between.

As is the case throughout the whole building, there is very little decoration of any kind in the mess room, the only kind being in the nature of old and time-honored flags and a few tablets showing record-breaking feats at rowing and rifle practice. The large force of colored waiters, under the direction of a competent head waiter, is kept constantly scrubbing and polishing the room, the furniture and the mess equipage, so that at all times they are in a condition of cleanliness and order quite in keeping with military exactness.

The seating arrangement is made at the beginning of the academic year, and unless there is some special cause for a change each cadet keeps his allotted place throughout the year. The arrangement is by companies, and when the battalion marches into the room the first company advances to the farthest end and occupies the section of tables there. The others follow in order and take their places in similar manner.

The cadet officers and petty officers are seated at the ends of the tables with the lower classmen occupying the centre.

Near the middle of the room is the staff table at which are seated the Officer-in-Charge, the Officer-of-the-Day and the cadet Lieut.-Commander, who is the highest ranking cadet officer and who is in command of the battalion.

At the sound of mess call three times a day the cadets "fall in" under command of their cadet captains who join their companies into "battalion front."

In good weather the formations are on the main walk leading to quarters, and at other times they are in the long corridor on the first floor of the building.

After all orders have been read by the adjutant the battalion is marched into the mess room in "column of fours." As soon as every one is at his place standing quiet behind his chair, the order "Seats!" is given, and immediately all settle down to the meal before them, and to the enjoyment of almost unrestrained conversation with chums and classmates about the trials, failures and prospects of the day's work.

The "plebes," however, are supposed to say very little and to speak only when spoken to.

About half an hour is allowed for each meal, and at the end of that time the order "Rise! March Out!" is given, at which all leave the room in an orderly manner and go their respective ways.

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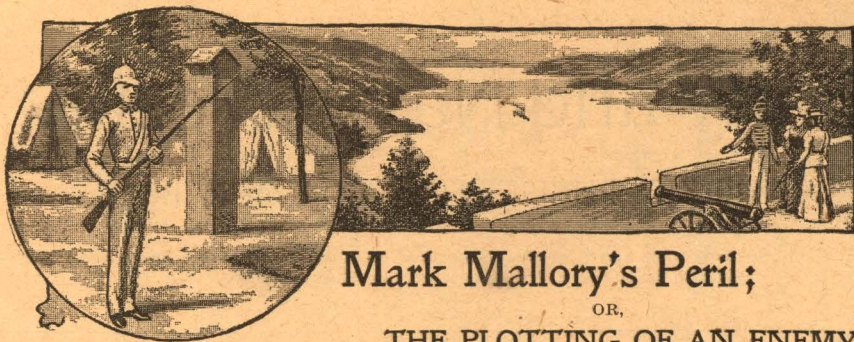
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SPECIAL NOTICE.—The result of the prize contest concluded
in No. 15 will be announced next week.

PRIZE CONTEST.

POCKET MONEY FOR CHRISTMAS!

THE publishers of the Army and Navy Weekly are desirous of obtaining the opinions of their readers on the military and naval cadet stories now running, and for that purpose offer the following prizes for the best letters on the subject. **TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS** divided into **FIVE PRIZES** of **FIVE DOLLARS EACH** will be given for the five most sensible opinions as to which is the best written and most interesting story of the ten to be published in Nos. 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23 of the Army and Navy Weekly. Letters should not exceed two hundred words in length. This contest will close December 1st, 1897.



Mark Mallory's Peril;

OR,

THE PLOTTING OF AN ENEMY.

By Lieut. Frederick Garrison, U. S. A.

CHAPTER I.

THE JOY OF THE YEARLINGS.

"Hey, fellows! What do you think? Mark Mallory's in disgrace."

"In disgrace!"

"Yes, and he's going to be fired. Whoop!"

The first speaker was a tall heavily built fellow, with coarse features and a closely cropped "bullet" head. He wore the uniform of a West Point cadet. At the moment he was red in the face and breathless as the result of a long run across the parade ground. At the end of it he had burst suddenly into the midst of a crowd of his class-mates with the excited exclamation above.

The effect upon them of the startling announcement was electrical. To a man they had leaped to their feet, with expressions of delight they made no effort to conceal. Evidently this Mallory, whose misfortune was announced, was a very unpopular personage with them.

"How do you know it, Bull?" demanded one of the crowd.

"The superintendent has sent for him right in the middle of drill," cried "Bull."

"What for?"

"I don't know. It's something he's been doing. One of the orderlies told me he heard the old man say he'd fire him. And that's all I know."

The babel of confused and excited voices that resulted from this bit of news lasted without interruption for several minutes.

"It's too good to be true," they vowed.

"By George, just as we were talking about him, wondering how we could get square with the confounded plebe, for his tricks! And now he's going to be fired."

And then suddenly Bull's voice rose above the excitement again.

"Look! Look!" he cried. "If you don't believe me look and see for yourselves. There he goes now!"

The cadets stared across the parade ground and then shouted aloud for joy.

Down on the road by the cavalry plain a single lone figure was walking, a figure clad in the "plebe" uniform. And the figure was that of Mallory!

The cadets of that crowd were most of them yearlings, or third classmen. The sworn enemies and tormentors of the plebes, as the new arrivals of the fourth class are called. The reason for their hatred of this particular plebe, Mark Mallory, was that whereas plebes are expected to be meek and gentle, to submit to hazing tamely, this plebe had been far otherwise. He was the most unhazable plebe that ever West Point had seen.

B. J. is the cadet's way of denoting a plebe who is "fresh." It stands for before June—too previous. And Mallory was B. J., and unpopular for that reason.

Mark Mallory was a sturdy youth who hailed from Colorado. Hazing he would not stand. He had defeated in a fight the best man the yearlings could send to cure him of that foolish notion; and worse still he had gotten other plebes as bold as himself to join a secret society called the Seven Devils for the purpose of resistance. So well had they resisted that Mal-

lory had been there a month unhazed, and was even growing so bold with his success that he had dared to turn round and haze the hazers.

The climax had come last night. Mallory had done something West Point had never dreamed of before, something that had set the cadets simply wild with rage and vexation, that had brought them together that morning in the indignation-meeting Bull had so suddenly interrupted. Mallory had dared to go to a West Point hop!

Not only had he dared to go, but he had gotten all the girls, who by this time admired him as a hero, to promise to dance with him. And so successfully had he worked the scheme that there was no one to dance with the enraged cadets at their own entertainment. It is small wonder, therefore, that they hailed with joy the announcement that he was to be "fired."

Mark Mallory as he walked did not observe the group of cadets who were glaring at him so angrily. It would not have worried him if he had, for he had something a good deal more important to occupy his mind just then. He was racking his brains to think of some plausible reason to account for his errand at the moment.

He had been, along with the rest of the plebe company, lined up on one side of the camp for drill. A tactical officer had been rigidly putting them through the manual of arms, with half a dozen yearling corporals and file closers aiding him. And then, breathless with running, an orderly had burst upon the scene.

He had a note in his hand, and he handed it to the "tac." The latter read it, then read it aloud (again.)

"Cadet Mallory will report to the superintendent at once."

That was all; the rest of the class stared and wondered, and Mark stepped out of the line, handed his gun to the orderly, and strode away from the scene.

The yearlings, as we have seen, had a good deal clearer notion of why Mark was wanted than he had himself. To Mark it was an absolute mystery; he knew no reason on earth why the superintendent should want him, and he quick-

ened his pace so as to get there and find out the sooner.

Erect and firmly stepping as was the plebe's habit by this time, he marched down the road toward the Academy building, between the parade ground and the Cavalry Plain. He passed the Chapel, and then the Headquarters Building, his destination, lay before him. Mark had entered that building just three times before this. He could not help thinking of them then.

The first time, he had felt, was the most momentous moment of all his life. Months of struggling were there crowned with a triumph that had seemed to leave no more worlds to conquer. For he had entered that building then to take the oath of allegiance as a duly certified and admitted "conditional cadet."

What that had meant to Mark only those who have followed his history can appreciate. Poor and friendless, he had seen West Point as a heaven, the object of all his future hopes, an object far away from his home in Colorado, but one to be struggled for and hoped for none the less. He had earned the money to come by a sudden stroke of cleverness—one step. After that he had striven for the appointment, a step far longer and harder, yet one that must be taken.

The Congressman of that Colorado district had held a competitive examination. Mark had tried, and also his deadly enemy, one Benny Bartlett, a rather weak, malicious youth, spoiled by the old squire, his father. Benny had sworn to win, and was desperate when he realized he couldn't; he had bribed a printer's devil, gotten the examination papers, and so passed ahead of Mark, who was made alternate. But Mark had afterward beaten Benny at the West Point examination, where cheating was impossible, and had thus secured the long coveted cadetship.

So narrow was his escape from failure; and it was that escape he had celebrated the first time he entered the superintendent's office.

The second time had been a yet more memorable one, to receive the superintendent's thanks for his heroic rescue of Grace Fuller, a beautiful girl who had since become his stanch friend and ad-

mirer, and who had aided him so successfully in outwitting the cadets at the hop. In fact, it was due to her entirely that the girls had been induced to join in the scheme.

The third time had come but a few days before, when Mark had dared to plead the cause of a wild chum of his, an ex-cowboy from Texas, when he had gotten for the lad, who was about to be dismissed, one chance more to retain his cadetship—a service which Texas had never forgotten.

Those were the three times. This was the fourth, but what would be the outcome of this. Mark found himself unable even to guess.

While we were talking about him he had gone inside. It would be well to stop and follow him, for momentous things were destined to result from this visit, too. It was indeed true, as the yearlings so joyfully learned, Mark Mallory was in deep and serious danger.

An orderly showed him promptly to the office of Colonel Harvey, the superintendent. Mark found that gentleman alone in the room, the same room where he had been received so kindly before. But this time the stern old officer seemed less cordial. There was a chilly air about it all that made the plebe feel rather uncomfortable. Colonel Harvey did not speak; he did not even look up from the paper on which he was writing; and Mark stood by at attention, waiting respectfully.

The first movement did not come from either of them. Mark strove to keep his eyes to the front, which was in accordance with orders. But he could not help glancing about the room a little. And to his surprise he saw a side door open and another figure enter the room.

Mark did not see that just at the moment the colonel's glance was fixed upon him steadfastly; he was too busy staring at the stranger. The stranger was a young fellow with coarse features, evidently a working man. He twisted his hat in his hand nervously, obviously ill at ease. He stared at Mark and at the officer alternately. Mark, who did not know him from Adam, turned away after the first glance, giving no more thought to the

intruder except to wonder what he was doing in that office.

When Mark turned his eyes upon Colonel Harvey again he saw then that the latter was watching him. And a moment later the colonel laid down his pen and spoke:

"Cadet Mallory," he said sternly, "I wish you to observe this man. Do you know him?"

Mark stared at the stranger in amazement.

"No, sir," he said. "I never saw him before, to my knowledge."

"Are you sure?"

"Perfectly."

There was a moment's pause after that, and then the superintendent tapped a bell upon his desk. It was answered at once. The same door opened again, and two persons entered suddenly. Mark knew them, and he knew them well. He stared at them incredulously, gasping; and he sprang back in amazement.

"Benny Bartlett!" he cried. "You here! And the squire!"

CHAPTER II.

BENNY BARTLETT'S SCHEME.

It was Benny Bartlett sure enough; Mark knew his sallow, deceptive look too well to be mistaken. And the squire was the same stout and blustering, self-assertive old man. He banged his cane on the floor as he heard Mark's exclamation and saw his look of surprise.

"Yes, sir," he cried. "It is the squire. And I observe you start with guilt when you see him, too."

Mark stared at the two all the harder then. And there was a brief silence during which every one stared at every one else. Mark thought he saw the stranger twist his cap yet more nervously.

"Mr. Mallory," began the superintendent at last. "Mr. Mallory, do you know why these three are here?"

"No, sir," said Mark, with evident emphasis.

"Is this upon your honor as a gentleman?"

"It is," was the answer.

"Humph!" snorted the squire. "Your word of honor isn't worth much! I——"

"If you please," interrupted Colonel Harvey with dignity, "that question is for me to settle. Mr.—er—what did you say this man's name was?"

"Nick," put in the squire.

"Nick," said the superintendent, turning toward the strange youth, "will you please have the goodness to tell again the story which you told to me."

Nick looked frightened and hesitated.

"Come, come!" cried the squire, impatiently. "Out with it now, and no lies about it!"

Thus enjoined Nick cleared his throat and began.

"I'm a printer's boy," he said, "and I works for the Roberts in Denver. I was a-walking along the street one day, I was, and up comes this feller (indicating Mark) and he says, says he to me, 'Your people are printing the examination papers for Congressman Wheeler, ain't they?' 'Yes,' says I, and then after that a little while he says that he wants to win them examinations, 'cause there was a feller trying 'em that he wanted to beat. So he gimme a hundred (that was the next day; he said he'd earned it in a railroad smashup, or something); and then I got them papers and gave 'em to him. And that's all I know."

"Very good," commented the squire, tapping his cane with approval. "Very good! And what did he say about these West Point examinations?"

"He said, says he, 'If I win these here and git the appointment, I ain't a-going to do nothin' but skin through the others with cribs.'"

"That's right!" cried the squire, triumphantly. "There now! What more do you want?"

He glanced at the superintendent inquiringly, and the superintendent gazed at Mark. As for Mark, he was simply too dumbfounded to move. He stood as if glued to the spot and stared in blank consternation from one to the other.

"Well," said the colonel at last, "what have you to say for yourself?"

Mark was too amazed to say much.

"So this is their plan!" he gasped. "So they seek to rob me of my cadetship by this—this——"

He stopped then, unable to express his feelings.

"Colonel Harvey," he inquired at last, "may I ask if you believe this story?"

"I do not see, Mr. Mallory," was the response, "what else I am to believe. I do not like to accuse these three gentlemen of a plot to ruin you. And yet—and yet——"

"May I ask a question or two?" inquired Mark, noticing the puzzled and worried look upon his superior's face.

"Most certainly," was the answer.

"In the first place, if you please, according to this story, if I gave this man a hundred dollars, why did he tell about it afterward?"

"His conscience troubled him," cried the old squire excitedly. "As yours would have if you had any. He knew that he had done wrong, robbed my son, and he came and told me. And I was wild, sir, wild with anger. I have brought this man on all the way from Colorado, and I propose to see my son into his rights, if I die for it!"

"Oh!" said Mark. "So you want Benny made a cadet. But tell me how, if I had the papers, did Benny beat me so badly, anyhow?"

"My son always was brighter than you," sneered the old man.

"And all the examinations weren't from printed papers," chimed in Benny's crowing voice. "There was spelling, and reading and writing—that was where I beat you."

"I see," responded Mark. "It is a clever scheme. And I'm told I passed here because I cheated; how came you to fail?"

"My son was sick at the time," cried Squire Bartlett, "and I can prove 'it too."

Mark smiled incredulously at that; Benny Bartlett nodded his head in support of his father's assertion.

"Well?" inquired the squire. "Is there anything more you want to know?"

"No," said Mark. "Nothing."

"Satisfied now, are ye?" sneered the other; and then he turned to Colonel Harvey. "I think that is all, sir," he said. "What more do you want?"

The colonel was gazing into space with a troubled look. He did not know what to say; he did not know what to think. He could not call these three men con-

spirators; and yet the handsome, sturdy lad who had done so much to win his approval, surely, he did not look like a thief!

"Mr. Mallory," he inquired at last. "What have you to say to this?"

"Nothing," responded Mark. "Nothing, except to denounce it as an absolute and unmitigated lie from beginning to end."

"But what proof can you bring?"

"None whatever, except my word."

After that there was no more said for some minutes. The silence was broken by the superintendent's rising.

"Mr. Mallory," he said, "you may go now. I must think this matter over."

And Mark went out of the door, his brain fairly reeling. He was lost! lost! West Point, his aim in life, his one and only hope, was going! He was to be dismissed in disgrace, sent home branded as a criminal! And all for a lie! An infamous lie!

A few minutes later Benny and the printer's devil, his accomplice, came out of that same door. But it was with a far different look. Benny was chuckling with triumph.

"It worked!" he cried. "By heaven, it worked to perfection! Even the old man hasn't caught on!"

"Squire Bartlett's as blind as Mallory," laughed the other. "And Mallory'll be out in a week. Remember, you owe me that hundred to-day."

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH TEXAS TURNS HIGHWAYMAN.

There were six terrified plebes up at Camp McPherson, when Mark Mallory, their friend and leader, rushed in, pale and breathless, to tell them the reason for his summons to headquarters. The Seven Devils had not had such a shock since they organized to resist the yearlings.

"Benny Bartlett!" cried Texas, springing up in rage. "Do you mean that durnation little rascal I licked the day he got sassy during exams?"

"That's he," said Mark, "and he's come back to get his revenge."

"And you don't mean," cried the

seven, almost in one breath, "that Colonel Harvey believes it?"

"Why shouldn't he?" responded Mark, despairingly. "I cannot see any way out of it. The whole thing's a dirty lie from beginning to end, but it makes a straight story when it is told, and I can't disprove it."

"But I thought you said," cried Texas, "that you saw Benny himself cheating, or tryin' to, at the examinations right hyar."

"So I did," said the other. "But I cannot prove that. I know lots of things about him, but I can't prove one of them. They've simply got me and that's all there is of it. There are three of them, and it's almost impossible to make the superintendent think they're lying. Think of a rich old man like the squire's doing a trick like that!"

"Perhaps he ain't," suggested Texas, shrewdly.

"Perhaps not," admitted Mark. "Benny would not hesitate to lie to his own father. But all the same I have no proof. And what in Heaven's name am I to do?"

Mark sat down upon the locker in his tent and buried his face in his hands. His wretchedness is left to the imagination. The whole thing had come so suddenly, so unexpectedly, right in the midst of his triumph! And it was so horrible!

The Seven Devils could think of no word of comfort; for they were as cast down, as thunderstruck, as he. Their regard for Mark was deep and true, and his ruin they felt was theirs. They sat or stood about the tent in characteristic attitudes, and with dejection written upon every line of their countenances.

First to move was the wild Texas, ever impulsive and excitable. And Texas leaped to his feet, with a muttered "durnation."

"I'm a-goin' to prove them air fellers are lyin', by thunder, ef I have to resign to do it!"

By the time that brief resolution was finished Texas was out of the tent and gone. The Seven Devils, or what remained of them, glanced up as he left, and then once more resumed their dejected and bewildered discussion.

"I can see no way out of it. No way!" groaned Mark. "I am gone."

And the others could see no other way to look at it.

Meantime we must follow Texas. Texas was rather more bizarre and unconventional, more daring than his companions from the "effete East," and his detective efforts were apt to be more interesting for that reason. He paced up and down the company street, hearing and seeing no one, thinking, thinking for all he was worth.

"Proof! Proof!" he kept muttering to himself over and over again. "Proof! Proof!"

Perhaps it was ten minutes before he did anything else. Texas was like a fisherman waiting for a bite during that time. He was waiting for an inspiration. And then suddenly the inspiration came. He stopped short in his tracks, opened his eyes wide and staring, and his mouth also; his fingers began to twitch with a sudden wave of excitement; his face flushed and he trembled all over. The next moment with a joyful "durnation!" he had turned and was off like a shot down the street.

"I've got it! I've got it! Whoop!"

And then suddenly he halted again.

"I won't tell 'em," he muttered to himself. "I'll keep it for a surprise! But then, durnation, I'll want some one to help me. Who'll I—oh, yes!"

Texas had turned and started with no less haste the other way.

"I'll git one o' them durnation ole cadets," he chuckled, "some one the ole man'll believe. I know!"

At the eastern side of the camp, in A Company street, and facing the sentry post of Number Three, stood a single spacious tent. It belonged to the first cadet captain, Fischer by name. And at that tent, trembling with impatience, the plebe halted and knocked.

"Come in," called a voice, and Texas entered.

There was but one occupant in the tent (the first captain has a tent to himself, if you please). It was Fischer, tall and stately and handsome as usual, with his magnificent uniform and sash and chevrons. He was engaged in writing a letter at the moment; he looked up and then rose to his feet, a look of surprise upon his face as he recognized the plebe.

"Mr. Powers," said he.

Texas bowed; and then he started right in to business.

"Mr. Fischer," he began, "I know it ain't customary for plebes to visit first classmen, and especially B. J. plebes. But I got something to say right naow that's important, more important than ceremonies an' such. Will you listen?"

The officer bowed courteously, though he still looked surprised.

"It's about Mr. Mallory," said Texas. "I reckon you've heard the stories 'bout him?"

"I have heard rumors," said the other. "I shall be glad to hear more."

Texas told him the story then, just as Mark had told it a few minutes ago. And the look of surprise on the captain's face deepened.

"This is a serious business, Mr. Powers," he said.

"It's one durnation lie from beginning to end!" growled the other. "Now look a-yere. You been a pretty good friend o' Mark's, Mr. Fischer. You're the one man I know of in this place that's tried to see fair play. When Mark had to fight them yearlings it was you saw he had his rights. When they tried to get him dismissed on demerits, you were the one to stop 'em. Now, I don't know why you did it, 'cept perhaps you're an honest fair an' square man yourself, an' saw he was, too. Anyhow, you've been his friend."

"I have tried to see fair play," responded the other, slowly. "I have not approved of many of his acts, what he did last night at the hop, for instance. But still——"

"If you knew this yere plot was a lie, would you say so?" interrupted Texas.

"I most certainly should."

"An' if you saw a chance to prove it, knowin' that Mark'd be dismissed if you didn't, would you?"

"It would be my duty, I think, as captain of his company. I should do it anyway, for I respect Mr. Mallory."

And Texas seized the surprised Fischer by the hand, and gave him a mighty squeeze.

"Durnation!" he cried. "I knew you would! Whoop! We'll fool them ole liars yet!"

Then, to the still greater surprise of

the cadet captain (who wasn't used to Texas's ways) the plebe dragged him over to the corner of the tent and whispered in a trembling, excited voice.

"Don't you tell a soul, naow, not a soul. Ssh! Durnation! Do you want to turn highwayman?"

Fischer stared at the other in alarm.

"Turn highwayman!" he echoed.

"Yes," whispered Texas. "Durnation!"

then he went on to whisper. He had lots to say, and one would have been interested to observe its effect upon the officer. His look of consternation faded; one of interest, doubt, and then finally of delight replaced it. And by the time the other was through he had forgotten the lad was a plebe. He seized his hand and slapped him upon the back.

"By George!" he cried. "I'll do it!"



"CADET MALLORY," COLONEL HARVEY SAID, "I WISH YOU TO OBSERVE THIS MAN" (page 916).

Don't you know what a highwayman is? He's a man what robs folks at night."

Fischer gasped and looked dumbfounded. The day that Texas had gone on his "spree" and tried to wreck West Point he had been reported by the surgeon on the sick list for "temporary mental aberration due to the heat."

"This is an awfully hot day," thought Fischer. "I hope to gracious he hasn't got any guns!"

Texas waited a moment longer, and

It's a slim chance, slim as thunder, but if it'll clear Mark Mallory I'll try it if it costs me my chevrons!"

At which Texas gave vent to a whoop that woke the echoes of the Highlands.

CHAPTER IV.

TWO MIDNIGHT PROWLERS, AND THEIR WORK.

Camp McPherson is as silent as a graveyard at night. Ten o'clock is the

hour of "taps," and after that all cadets are in bed, with a penalty of court-martial for doing otherwise. And there is nothing to break the stillness but the call of the hour or the steady tramp of the ghostly white sentries as they pace the bounds of the camp through the weary watches.

On the night of the day we are writing about, there was something unusual happening. It was neither a sentry nor an officer, this stealthy figure that stole out of a tent in the street of Company A. He waited cautiously until the sentry behind his tent had passed on to the other end, and then with the slyness of an Indian he crept down the path. And when he disappeared again, it was the big tent of the first captain that swallowed him up.

Fischer was expecting that visit. He was up and dressing, and ready for the other.

"There are the clothes, Mr. Powers," he whispered. "Leave your uniform here and slip into them quickly."

The captain's voice was trembling with excitement, and some little nervousness, too. This was a desperate errand for him. It might cost him his chevrons, if not worse; for he had desperate deeds to do that night.

"Have you got the guns?" he whispered.

By way of answer Texas slipped two shining revolvers into the other's hands. Fischer gripped the cold steel for a moment to steady his nerves, and then thrust the weapons into the pocket of the rough coat he wore.

"Come on," he said. "I'm ready."

He stepped out of the tent, Texas close at his heels. The two crept around the side, then crouched and waited. Suddenly Fischer put his fingers to his lips and gave a low whistle. The effect was instantaneous. Sentries Number Three and Four promptly faced about and marched off the other way. It was contrary to orders for sentries to face in opposite directions at the same time. But it was handy, for it kept them from "seeing any one cross their beats." Texas and his companion had sprung up and dashed across the path and disappeared over the earthworks of old Fort Clinton.

"That was neatly done," chuckled Texas. "We're safe now."

"It would be a bad state of affairs, indeed," laughed the other, if a first captain couldn't 'fix' two sentries of his own class. We're all right if we don't make any noise."

A person who glanced at the two would not have taken them for cadets. They were clad in old dilapidated clothing, with collars turned up to increase the effect. To complete this disguise, they took two black handkerchiefs from their pockets, and in a few minutes more were as desperate looking burglars as ever roamed the night.

"Burglary's not much worse than conspiracy, anyway," muttered Fischer, as he hurried along. "I wonder what time it is."

"Twelve o'clock and all's we-ell!" rang the voice of the sentry from camp just then—an answer to the question. And the two villainous looking men crept on in silence, gripping their weapons the tighter as they went.

The hotel lies very near the camp; it was only a short walk for the two, even creeping and dodging as they were, before they were safely hidden close to the porch of the building. The house is in Colonial style, with big, high pillars, painted white. It was a difficult climb, but the two lost not one moment in hesitation. They evidently knew just why they came, and had planned their task beforehand. Texas sprang up on the shoulders of the other, and a short while later was lying breathless upon the tin roof of the piazza.

Fischer had dodged back into the shadow to wait. The other lay where he was for a short while, to glance about him and recover his breath; then he rolled over and crept softly and silently along until he reached one of the windows. Texas had found out which one beforehand; he could afford to waste no time now, for this was a state's prison offence he was at.

He raised himself and glanced over the sill of the open window; he glanced hastily about the room inside, and then dropped down again and crept to the edge of the roof.

"They aren't there," he whispered. "Ssh!"

"Not there!" echoed the other. "Then they haven't come home yet. Drop down."

Texas slid down that pillar with alacrity that would have scared a cat. And the two were hiding in the bushes a moment or two later.

"Gee whiz!" muttered Fischer. "Just think of the risks we took. They might have come in on us."

"Where can they be?" whispered Texas, anxiously. "I hadn't any idea they wouldn't be in by twelve."

"There's nothing they can be doing around here," said Fischer. "I don't know——"

"Look a here!" muttered Texas, excitedly, as a sudden idea occurred to him. "I saw 'em a-goin' down to Highland Falls this evenin', an'——"

Fischer gripped him by the arm.

"Jove," he cried. "We'll go down and lay for 'em. It's a faint chance, but if we catch 'em there it'll be a thousand times less dangerous for us. And if we miss them we can come back. Let's hurry."

It was a dangerous business, that getting down to Highland Falls. There were the camp sentries and the sentries of the regular army, besides, patrolling most of the paths. And any of them would have stopped those two rough looking men if they had seen them skulking about the post. But Fischer had been there three years, and he knew most of the "ropes." He dodged from building to building, always keeping the road in view so as to see their victims if they passed—and finally came out upon the road just at the beginning of cadet limits. Here they hid in a thick clump of bushes and lay down to wait amid the silence of that dark, deserted spot.

"I wonder if they'll come," whispered Texas. "Durnation, I wish I had one of 'em by the neck. The rascals——"

The words were choked in their utterance; for the officer suddenly nudged his companion and pointed down the road.

"Look!"

That was all he said. Texas turned and glanced as he directed. There were two

figures, clearly outlined in the moonlight, walking slowly up the road.

"It's they," whispered Fischer. "Shall we try it?"

And Texas gripped the two revolvers in his pocket and muttered, "Yes, we shall!"

The two came nearer and nearer. Out of the black shadows where they lay the cadets stared hard, watching them anxiously, waiting, panting with impatience and excitement. The strangers were slightly built, both of them, and young; Texas recognized one of them plainly. It was Benny Bartlett; that the other was the printer's boy, he took for granted. Then suddenly he noticed one of them stagger.

"That solves it," whispered Fischer. "They've been down to Cranston's getting drunk. The beasts!"

That last word cut Texas like a knife; he had been that way not a week ago himself. Texas was slowly learning the civilized view of drunkenness.

He forgot that in a few moments more, however. There was excitement, plenty of it, to fill his mind. The pair drew nearer still in the bright moonlight, and the time for their desperate deed was almost upon the cadets.

"For Heaven's sake don't let them get away," whispered Fischer. "If they cry out, make a break for camp, and I'll fix it."

That word was the last to be spoken; they lay in silence after that, listening to the others. Benny Bartlett, it appeared, was the more hilarious of the two, as such feeble hilarity goes. The other was trying hard to keep him quiet. The bushes that hid the cadets were right beside the road; and as Benny drew near they made out that he was trying to sing.

"We won't go home till morning; we won't go——"

"Shut up, you fool!" the other muttered, shaking him by no means gently. "You'll wake the old man, and——"

The two watchers rose upon their knees. Two revolvers clicked gently, which made the printer's boy start in alarm, and then came a subdued "Now!"

Before the victims could move or utter a sound two stalwart, roughly dressed, black-masked figures sprang out into the

road. And the half drunken pair found themselves gazing into the muzzles of two glistening revolvers.

"Hold up your hands!"

Half dead with terror the printer obeyed; the other sunk in a heap to the ground, his teeth fairly chattering.

"Not a sound!" was the next gruff order, obeyed equally well; and then the robbers got quickly to work.

It was all done so expeditiously that the victims scarcely realized it. One of the men covered the two with his weapons, and the other went swiftly through the pockets of both.

He did not seem to care for watches or money. It was papers he looked for, and he glanced at what he found with feverish impatience. He had a match box in his hand, and he turned away from the party as he struck a light and read one after the other, tossing them aside with an angry exclamation. He searched the printer first and seemed to find nothing. Then he went for Benny, tumbling him about on the ground and not forgetting to administer sundry vigorous kicks.

He had almost searched Benny, too, without success, when suddenly he gave an exclamation of joy, an exclamation which almost caused the other to drop his revolvers. The searcher had put his hand into a small, out-of-the-way pocket, and found a bit of carefully folded paper.

"This'll do it!" he whispered. "Come on."

Texas' heart began to throb with joy (Texas was the one with the gun.)

"Victory! Victory!" he muttered. "Damnation!"

Ready to shout with excitement at his success he started to follow the other, who was already making for the dense woods at the side of the road. He backed away slowly, still facing the two horrified lads, still leveling his weapons at them.

"Not a sound!" he muttered gruffly. "Remember!"

He reached the edge of the shadow in safety, and then suddenly a noise caught his sharp ear. It was not from the two, but from up the road. It was the sound of a horse's hoofs, accompanied by a jingling of sword and spur. Texas glanced around quickly; it was a horseman trotting up the road, an officer from the

cavalry post! And in an instant more Texas had sprung into the woods and was dashing away with all his speed.

"Run, run!" he whispered to the cadet just in front. "Somebody's coming."

Benny Bartlett had not nerve to give an alarm; but the printer's boy had. The fleeing pair heard his voice shouting:

"Help! help! Murder!"

And an instant later came a clatter and thunder of hoofs as the soldier dashed up

"What's the matter?" he cried.

"Robbers!" shrieked the two. "We've been held up! They ran in there! Help! Help!"

The rescuer wheeled his horse sharply about; he whipped his sword from its scabbard and plunged furiously into the woods. The two heard his horse dashing up, and they knew their danger was great indeed.

Texas was flying on ahead, running for his life; but Fischer, who was a good deal the cooler of the two in the emergency, seized him by the arm and forced him into a clump of bushes on one side.

"Lie there!" he cried. "Ssh! Not a sound!"

The wisdom of the ruse was apparent. Crashing footsteps gave the officer something to follow; without it he might not find them in the black woods. They heard his horse thrashing about in the underbrush; the man was evidently afraid of nothing even in the darkness, for he plunged through it furiously, riding back and forth and beating up the bushes. Once he passed so near to them that Texas heard the sword swish and felt for his revolvers instinctively. But that was the best the man could do, and finally he gave it up in disgust and rode out to the road again.

Then the two highwaymen rose and stole softly away in the darkness, congratulating themselves upon that narrow escape and still more upon their success.

When they reached the camp, which they did in a great hurry, for they knew the officer would alarm the post, they passed the sentry in the same way, and separated, Texas hurrying into his own tent. To his amazement he found his tent mates awake and sitting up, for what reason he had no idea.

"What's the matter?" he cried anx-

iously, for he saw at once that something horrible had happened.

"Matter enough!" cried Mark in just as much anxiety. "It's not enough for me to get dismissed, but you have to go to work and get yourself in the same scrape."

"I dismissed!" echoed Texas, in amazement. "How?"

"Your absence has been noticed," groaned Mark. "Lieutenant Allen has ordered an inspection of the tent every half-hour until you return. They've been here twice now, and you're a goner. And what makes it a thousand times worse, I know it's on account of me. You've been doing something to clear me."

All this was said in about as lugubrious a tone as one could well imagine. But as for Texas, he merely chuckled as if he didn't care in the least.

"I reckon it'll be all right," he drawled, as he began to shed his "cits" clothing. "Jes' you fellers go to bed an' be good. I reckon it'll all come out all right. Good-night."

"Well, sir, I've come to ask what you propose to do about it."

It was the pompous old squire, and he stood once more in the superintendent's office, impatience written in every line of his face.

"Yes, sir," he continued, "I should like to know your decision."

"But, my dear sir," exclaimed Colonel Harvey, "I have not made up my mind entirely. It is only yesterday you stated your case. What is the hurry?"

"Hurry, sir?" returned the squire, "I am in a hurry for my rights. I mean that my son shall have the cadetship he has earned."

"Where is your son?" inquired the other, after a moment's thought.

"He is up at the hotel," answered the squire. "Why?"

"I should like to see him for just a moment. I have one question to ask him, if you please. I'll send an orderly for him."

The old man bowed stiffly; he sat up very straight in his chair and waited with dignity until his young hopeful appeared, wondering meanwhile what more the obdurate officer could want.

Master Benjamin entered the room obviously pale and flushed. He did not feel very well as the result of his last night's "manliness," and he had dim visions of robbers and stolen papers besides. He bowed to his father and the grave superintendent.

"Take a seat," said the latter. "I shall not keep you long. Take this pen and paper. I am anxious to see your handwriting. Please write these words as I dictate them."

Benny, puzzled and alarmed, prepared to obey; he saw that the army officer was watching him narrowly, which did not increase his ease of manner.

"Write," said Colonel Harvey, "I—promise—to—pay—to—Nick— What's the matter?"

Benny had begun to write promptly. At the sixth word he had turned pale as death, and his hand was trembling.

"What's the matter?" thundered the colonel again. "Why don't you write?"

"I—I——" stammered Benny. "I'm not very well."

"I should say not!" responded the other, angrily. "Let me see that paper."

He took it from the trembling lad's hand.

"Is that your son's handwriting?" he demanded, turning to the squire.

Old Mr. Bartlett glanced at it quickly, a look of amazement upon his face.

"No," he said, "it isn't. Benny, why don't you write in your usual way? Why don't you do as the gentleman tells you?"

And what's the meaning of this, anyway?"

Benny took the pen again, this time weakly.

"I'll write it," he said. "Here."

Colonel Harvey dictated it again relentlessly.

"I—promise—to—pay—to—Nick—Flynn—one—hundred—dollars—when—M.—M.—is—fired. Benjamin Bartlett. Received—payment—July—13. Nick Flynn."

The officer took the result, laid it on his desk and took another from his pocket to compare.

"That settles it," said he, looking up at last. "Conspiracy."

"What does this mean, sir?" demanded the angry old squire, who had been waxing more and more impatient under the ordeal. "Why should my son be insulted like a common criminal? Why——"

"Because he is one," responded the other, just as warmly. "Look at those two papers, sir! Your son wrote both, and I know it."

"Where did you get that other?"

"The story is briefly told," said Colonel Harvey. "Two cadets of my Academy turned highwaymen yesterday and held up your son at the point of a revolver. I presume he has told you."

"So that's who it was!" cried the furious squire. "So that's the kind of cadets you have! I shall have them both in jail."

"You will not," laughed the other, "for several reasons. In the first place, you do not know who they are, and I do not propose to tell you. In the second, if you do, your son is guilty of conspiracy,

and I shall see him punished for that."

"This is preposterous!" exclaimed Squire Bartlett. "That paper proves absolutely nothing——"

"His manner when I asked him to write it, and his attempt to disguise his hand, prove a good deal to me. It proves to me, sir, that he is lying, and that you are a very foolish and indulgent father to believe him as you do. He has lied to me and to you, and he lies still when he denies it. Look at him cower now, sir! I knew that this whole thing was an outrageous plot the very moment the cadets showed me that paper this morning. One of them is one of my most trusted officers, and I believe his account. And what is more——"

Here the colonel stopped and glared at Benny.

"I say this for the benefit of your son, who evidently hates Mark Mallory. I believed and was glad to believe, that Mallory, who is the finest lad I had seen for many a day, is as honest as he is brave. And I shall take great pleasure in telling him so, and in apologizing for my doubts. And in conclusion——"

Colonel Harvey rose to his feet and bowed.

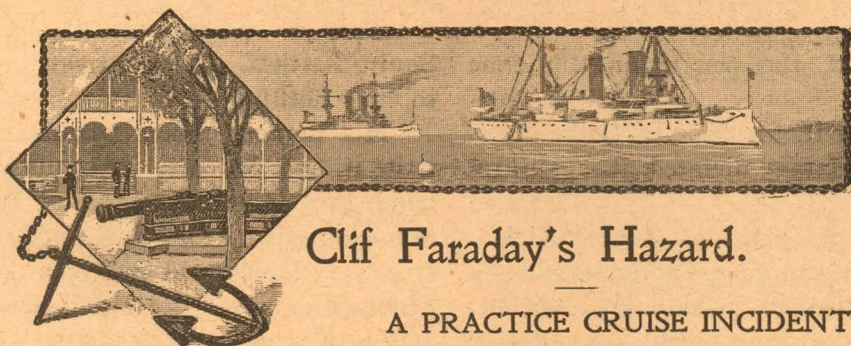
"I bid you a good-day, Squire Bartlett. Cadet Mallory will not be expelled from this Academy, if I can help it."

And Benny and the squire left West Point that morning, which was the end of "Mark Mallory's peril."

[THE END.]

Lieutenant Frederick Garrison's next novelette will be entitled, "Mark Mallory's Defiance; or, Fighting a Hundred Foes"





Clif Faraday's Hazard.

A PRACTICE CRUISE INCIDENT.

By Ensign Clarke Fitch, U. S. N.

CHAPTER I.

A MAN-O'-WAR DRILL AT SEA.

A dark night.

Slipping along under a steady press of canvas with her decks heeling gently to the force of the breeze was a stately wooden frigate, trim and taught aloft and alow.

The shadowy outlines of hull and rigging were almost invisible in the deep blackness. Mere smudges indicated the broad expanse of sails, but gleaming brightly starboard and port were the green and red sailing lights, indicating to those chancing to see, that her crew was alert and everything ship-shape as it should be.

She was not a steamer. That fact was made manifest by the absence of the masthead light. And neither was she of modern build.

Her lines were graceful, and her stately bowsprit sloped out from a curving bow with true indication of that poetry of shape, alas, lost in these modern days of iron and steel.

A bell sounds forward, its mellow tones taken up and cast about in the grasp of the breeze.

It strikes four times—two by two. Two o'clock in the morning. The last note had not died away ere a shrill voice came from the darkness of the forecandle head:

"Star-r-board cathead! Bright light!"

A softer treble follows:

"Port cathead! Bright light!"

Then others break into the stillness of the night, chanting the verbal proof of their faithful watch; then all is quiet again.

The frigate pursues her way through the ever restless seas. A soft, musical murmur comes from the waves as they slip past the stout hull. Forward a white foam curls and breaks against the cutwater.

Overhead is a different song. It is the mournful dreel of the overstrained block—the complaining flip-flap of the leeches, and a groaning of spar against spar.

These noises do not disturb the watchers on deck. It is a chorus long familiar to them. Indeed, to some it had taken the place, almost, of a mother's lullaby.

These watchers on deck were not numerous to the eye. There were not more than five or six visible—the officer of the deck walking his lonely vigil, the two men at the old-fashioned, double steering wheel, the quartermaster with his ever present telescope, the lookouts at their different posts—those were all apparent.

But lying about in various attitudes and all sleeping as soundly as the sailor sleeps when rocked in the cradle of the deep, were fully two-score others.

They were of the watch on deck, ready for a call to reef, furl or set sail, or trim yards, or any of the many duties demanded of them.

The old ship, for she was old, edged through the blackness with her prow ever turned eastward.

The minutes dragged slowly. It was one night of many since the shores of America had faded astern. It was the early hours when time hangs heavy.

Back and forth marched the officer in charge. He had paced the stretch between rail and rail of the slender bridge full fifty times. He was thinking longingly of the approaching hour when his relief would report, and he would be free to forget the monotony of ship life in the seclusion of sleep.

Suddenly, as he neared the ladder leading to the quarter deck, he almost collided with a dark figure.

There was a brief interchance of words, then the lieutenant leaned over the railing and called softly:

"Messenger boy!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

A lad in a sailor's uniform emerged from the gloom, and knuckled his forehead with one hand.

The lieutenant gave him a whispered order, and the messenger hastily descended the ladder and disappeared forward. A few moments later the oppressive stillness of the night gave way with startling abruptness to a most prodigious clatter.

"R-r-rat-a-tat! R-r-rat-a-tat!"

The sharp roll of the drum awoke the echoes of the old frigate, sending an infernal din of noise through decks and rigging and hull. It was caught up and hurled about from sail to sail; it burst upon the ears of the watch below, sending men from their hammocks in alarm. And it changed the scene from one of peaceful quiet into a pandemonium of hurrying figures and excited voices.

"Silence fore-and-aft!" came the stern command from the bridge. There were three figures there now. And one was the captain.

The noise ceased as if by magic. Several lights flashed fore-and-aft, and revealed in the faint light were a number of grim black cannon, each surrounded by motionless sailors, every group being as rigid as the iron itself.

An officer, half clad, but girdled with belt and sword scabbard, leaves one of

the groups and hurries to the space in front of the bridge. His sword flashes as he salutes.

"First division ready, sir."

The words came crisp and sharp. He had scarcely finished when another officer hastens up and makes a similar report, then another and another.

Some of these were youthful, by their dress evidently naval cadets. A close observer would have seen that on the port side all the guns were manned by cadets, some young, and others almost out of their teens.

There were cadets here and cadets there. They outnumbered the older men of the crew two to one, and their presence indicated that this old-time wooden frigate out here on the vasty deep with this strange scene being enacted on her deck was a practice-ship of some naval academy.

And such she was in truth. Aft under the break of the deck was a line of letters in brass. They read:

U. S. S. Monongahela.

She had sailed from Annapolis full two weeks before with the first, third and fourth classes of the United States Naval Academy on board, and she was bound on the annual practice cruise at sea.

This scene just described, which to an inexperienced eye would have seemed strange and war-like, was a drill pure and simple.

It was general quarters—a ceremony where the ship is ready to fight, when the crew is ready to work the guns, and battle to the death with the foes of their country. It was a night, alarm, too, entirely unexpected by the crew, and therefore a fine practical test of the resources of the frigate in moments of hasty peril and attack.

The captain smiled grimly as he glanced at his watch by the light of a hand lantern. Turning to the first lieutenant he said in a low voice:

"Fair time, pretty fair. Ship ready for action in seven minutes. Could better, though," was the reply. Then the officer added questioningly:

"Shall I order retreat from quarters, sir?"

Captain Brooks gave a

into the darkness enshrouding the frigate, and replied:

"No. It's a good night for further drill. We'll try 'abandon ship.'"

"Man the boats only, sir?"

"No; lower them. The sea is rather quiet. It might be a good idea to send the boats out a half-mile. It will give the cadets a taste of actual experience."

Lieutenant Watson, the executive officer of the Monongahela, was too well-trained to offer an objection, or even advice, but he glanced askance at the black wall surrounding them, as he called out:

"Bugler, sound abandon ship."

There was a quick, lively blast of a bugle, then the men and cadets melted away from their stations and swarmed about the boats secured in the davits.

The frigate was hove to, and when her way was checked the small boats were lowered and brought alongside the sea gangway.

It was ticklish work descending into the frail crafts as they pitched and rolled under the lee of the towering hull, but the various crews were embarked without mishap.

"Pull away to sea, and await signal to return," bawled the executive officer from the bridge.

"Ay, ay, sir," came faintly through the darkness.

"Officers of boats will examine stores and equipments," was the next order. "Also ascertain proficiency of crews."

Again came the obedient replies, then the captain, first lieutenant and the men kept on board as a precaution, settled down to wait.

"We will give them ten minutes," said the former, presently. "They can't pull far in that time. Nothing like actual experience to——"

He paused abruptly and glanced out to windward. A chill blast had suddenly come from that direction. The old Monongahela gave an uneasy roll.

"That means wind and plenty of it, sir," exclaimed Lieutenant Watson. "Shall I——"

"Hoist the recall at once," broke in Captain Brooks.

A moment later a cluster of lights gleamed aloft from the main truck of the

And leaning out over the lee railing of the bridge were the two officers, both watching for answering signals, but neither confessing to the other the anxiety caused by that threatening puff of wind.

CHAPTER II.

THE COLLISION.

On vessels of war each separate boat, from the sailing launch to the dinghy, has its own crew, and coxswain. In certain drills and ceremonies, such as abandon ship, every man on board ship is ticketed to a certain boat. To that craft he promptly repairs when the signal is given. Constant practice makes every member of the crew familiar with his duties, and drill, or the real action, passes without confusion.

The sailing launch of the Monongahela was a large seaworthy boat, capable of safely carrying twenty men. When it was rowed away from the frigate on this dark night it contained that number in its crew.

The officer in charge was a lieutenant, and he had under his command five seamen, a coxswain and thirteen cadets.

Among the latter were three already known to the readers of this series of Naval Academy articles.

One, pulling third on the starboard side (the oars of a sailing launch are arranged in pairs, with two men on each seat) was an athletic lad with a handsome manly face and curling dark brown hair.

His name was Clifford Faraday, and he was a "plebe" or member of the new fourth class of the Naval Academy.

Back of him sat a tall, solemn-faced boy, whose name, Joy, was more of an indication of his real nature than was his air of subdued spirits.

His seat-mate was a lad with coarse black hair, and the peculiar dark complexion of the Orientals. He was short and compact in build, and his sinewy arms toiled at the oars with a force indicating surprising strength.

To him turned Joy. Nudging him slyly with one elbow he said solemnly:

"I say, Trolley, isn't this nice work for Christians to be laboring at? Didn't I tell you that war causes all the trouble in

this world. Here we are out in the bosom of the mighty deep, working away like a lot of slaves when we might be comfortable starving at home. I tell you peace is the thing."

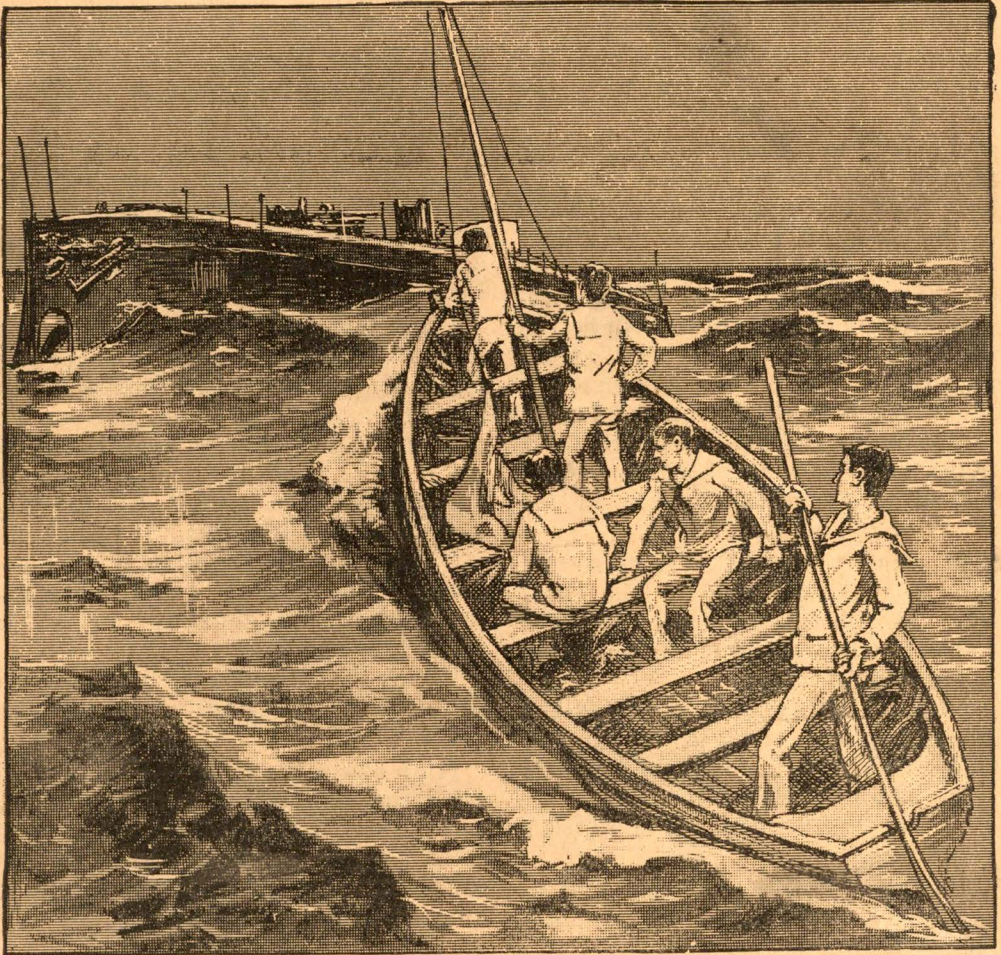
The Japanese youth—for such he was—laughed softly.

"You fool me one time, my Joy," he replied. "I think when I first know you that you great boy for peace. But——"

his long ashen oar. The launch pitched and rolled in the seas, and steadily forced its way through the blackness.

Far astern twinkled the lights of the practice ship, seeming no larger than star points in the distance.

Overhead the darkness increased, the expanse of sea being banked in by gathering clouds. A breeze, cool and moist with a salty dampness, sprang up,



WITH A QUICK TURN OF THE STEERING OAR CLIF BROUGHT THE LAUNCH ALONGSIDE THE ABANDONED TORPEDO BOAT (page 936).

He chuckled, and added with evident zest:

"You no like to eat more than you like fight. You whip three upper class boys, and not half try. When Clif Faraday say we do more things to third class fellows you roll your eye and you lick your chop. You what American boys call one big bluff."

The object of this arrangement laughed, and gave an added spurt with

giving a fleeting spray to the edge of the waves.

It was a strange experience to the young naval cadets, this tossing about in an open boat upon a heaving sea whose broad bosom sparkled and glowed with the sheen of phosphorescent lights.

There was something fascinating in it all, something so peculiarly attractive that all wished the signal of recall would be long in coming.

They had been aroused from slumber, the majority of them, and had plunged from the peacefulness of their hammocks into the midst of bustle and wild excitement. They had worked the guns in imitation of battle attack, then as a fitting climax to it all, here they were launched away from the ship with only a few frail planks between them and the remorseless ocean.

There was no thought of danger in their minds, however. It was all play—a jolly good game in which boats, and the sea, and the freshening wind, were the toys.

So they laid to the oars and forced the boats over the waves further and still further from the ship. And the breeze came in stronger puffs and the clouds gathered overhead in the darkness, and at last there came a time when the experienced officers in charge of the little flotilla received the same sudden shock as did Captain Brooks and his first lieutenant.

The shock was the icy blast. It sent the light crafts rolling, and called forth muttered exclamations of consternation from those who were experienced in the treachery of old ocean.

Then came the recall. A cluster of lanterns swung aloft bidding the boats return. They had barely started on the back track when a deep, sullen boom echoed across the water.

"By George! it's time," muttered the lieutenant in charge of the sailing launch. "The old man sees his mistake and he's hurrying us up." He added aloud:

"Pull away, men. Bend to it. That's the recall gun."

"We know that all right," said Clif to his seat-mate. "It's the recall gun, and it is not a minute too soon."

Twelve oars dipped and rose in steady cadence, the dripping blades flashing with phosphorescent fire. Twelve sturdy backs were bent and twelve pairs of arms labored lustily, sending the launch from wave crest to wave crest like a thing of life.

Twinkling here and there were the lanterns of other boats, but the launch's light had blown out.

The blackness of the night was appalling. It rested upon the water like a thick blanket. The men in the boats could hardly see the backs of those in front of

them. The coxswains faced an impenetrable wall.

"Pull away," again called out the lieutenant of the launch. "See if you can't get more speed out of her, boys."

He spoke coaxingly, trying to hide even from himself his intense anxiety.

His words were not needed. The launch's crew understood the peril as well as he. One old sailor exclaimed to his mates:

"It's the ship in five minutes or Davy Jones' locker forever, boys. There'll be a living gale down on us in a jiffy. If ye love life break your backs."

A fresh spurt—made against an increasing sea—followed this admonition. One of the oars cracked ominously and it was speedily cast aside. There were spare ones, and the progress of the boat suffered little.

Clif, Joy and Trolley labored like heroes. They were inexperienced in the ways of the weather, but they realized that their position was one of great danger. All three were cool, however.

"It make good incident for book I am going to write on navy," said the Japanese youth. "I like this. It plenty fun."

"You would laugh in a cyclone or dance in a burning crater," remarked Joy, with a grim chuckle. "If all Japs are as brave as——"

"Back oars," suddenly interrupted the lieutenant. "Back for your——"

Crash!

High above the whistling of the wind came the grinding of shattered timbers and the startled cries of a score of excited men. Then came a series of quick splashes, more shouts, and finally one long appealing cry for help.

CHAPTER III.

FRIENDS IN ADVERSITY.

During his brief career as a cadet at the United States Naval Academy, Clif Faraday had not been placed in many very startling and dangerous situations, but he was a youth of natural coolness of character, and one quick to act in cases of emergency.

In the present situation all his coolness was needed.

When the sudden and entirely unexpected crash came, Clif and the other members of the crew were bending all their energies toward forcing the launch back to the practice ship.

With head bent low and arms tugging at the oar he worked away, knowing full well that their very lives depended upon their reaching the Monongahela before the sudden gale increased.

Clif heard Joy and Trolley talking, then came the lieutenant's fierce interruption, and then chaos seemed to come, and overwhelm boat and crew in one mighty crash.

The lieutenant's warning cry came too late for preparation. Clif felt himself thrown headlong from his seat upon the man in front. There was a wild scramble, then the waters of the ocean rolled up and engulfed all.

When Clif regained the surface he at once instinctively struck out. In no general direction, but with a natural desire to keep afloat.

He heard cries and oaths about him, and a splashing and floundering as if a score of men were making a desperate fight for their lives. And mixed in with the hubbub was the keen whistling of the growing gale.

Suddenly the lad came in contact with some yielding body. He heard a gasp and a gurgle, then two arms were thrown about his neck and down went his head beneath the surface.

It is not in the duty of man to drown without making an effort for life. Neither should one go down at the frantic assault of another until all means of aiding both have been exhausted.

Clif instantly realized that he was in the clutches of one whom peril had rendered frantic. He also knew that he must release himself right speedily if he expected to save himself.

Calling all his power into play, he threw off the strangling arms, at the same time gasping hoarsely:

"Strike out, man. Do something for yourself."

He received no answer. The fellow faded away in the blackness, leaving Clif to swim unencumbered. Luckily the lad was at home in the water, else he would

have found sore trouble in keeping above the buffeting waves.

He struggled on, striving his best to see ought of hope in the prospect. The wind swept the crests of the seas into a thousand stinging lances. The roar of the increasing storm sounded like a mocking chorus of demons. Occasional cries for help in God Almighty's name echoed above the brawling of the elements.

Suddenly the lights on the practice-ship, which Clif had kept before his eyes as well as he could, began to grow dim.

"Surely they will not leave us to perish miserably," groaned the lad. "They will stand by until some of the boats report."

Wild with fear he struck out savagely, and in the act drove plump against some hard object.

The sudden shock sent him under the surface once more. When he emerged gasping and half-stunned, he heard the sound of a familiar voice nearby in the darkness.

"Come up higher, Trolley, the boat can stand it. That's it; give me your hand. Steady, steady, ah-h!"

"It's Joy, and he has found help," hopefully muttered Clif.

He swam in the direction whence the words had come, and speedily reached what proved to be the launch, floating capsized at the mercy of the waves.

Upon the upturned bottom were two dark smudges just visible against the black background of the night.

Grasping the end of the keel Clif drew himself up and sat panting upon the bottom planks.

"Who is that?" called out Joy.

"It's what is left of me," replied Clif.

"Hurray, it's Faraday," shouted the Japanese youth. "Hurray, Clif, me glad you saved. Shake."

"This is a dreadful business," exclaimed Faraday, as he wrung the proffered hand. "Seen anything of the other fellows?"

"Not a sign," replied Joy. "We have heard lots of cries, but we are the only ones who have reached this launch."

"What was the trouble? A collision?"

"Yes. I think we ran into one of the cutters. Whew! how this blamed thing does roll."

It required all the efforts of the three to

retain their position upon the tossing launch. The sweep of the waves sent a perfect deluge of water over them at times, and they were compelled to cling with tooth and nail.

The force of the wind continued unabated, but it was evident from the suddenness of its coming and its very fierceness that it would not last.

The lights of the Monongahela were no longer visible. Immediately after gaining the comparative safety of the cap-sized launch, Clif eagerly scanned the horizon.

"I am afraid she has been driven off before the gale, fellows," he said, anxiously.

"It certainly looks that way," agreed Joy. "I guess we can say good-by to the old Monongahela.

"It say good-by to us," chimed in Trolley. "It go away; we no want to."

He spoke lightly, but he fully understood the extreme gravity of the situation. All three realized that their lives were in deadly peril.

With only the frail planks of an overturned boat between them and the depths of the angry sea, it was plainly evident that little hope remained.

And what of the others who had left the practice-ship?

Clif shuddered and his eyes moistened as he recalled the names of his shipmates. Some there were who had not been friendly to him. Many had sworn undying vengeance because he had led the plebes on more than one successful resistance to the hazing of the upper classes. In that very launch a cadet named Judson Greene, his most bitter foe, had pulled an oar.

All animosity was forgotten now, however; in the presence of such an awful tragedy only heartfelt sympathy and regret could live.

Haven't you seen anything of the others?" he asked again.

"Nary sign," replied Joy gloomily.

"I guess they gone down," murmured Trolley. "Poor boys. Me very sorry."

A realization of their own situation was suddenly brought home to them. A curling wave, higher than the rest, abruptly broke over the launch with such force

that all three lads were hurled bodily from the keel.

Clif was thrown a dozen feet away from the boat, and when he regained the surface after the violent plunge he found himself buffeted about in a smother of foam.

He struck out blindly, and at the same time called lustily for his companions. An answering cry came at once.

"Clif, Clif; where are you?"

Guided by the voice, he reached the boat once more, but only after a most desperate struggle.

He felt himself clutched by the collar and dragged against the gunwale. Then he saw to his infinite surprise that the sailing launch had righted.

CHAPTER IV.

NANNY'S APPEAL.

"All present and accounted for, and better off than before."

These cheery words came from Clif as he scrambled into the boat and saw that both Joy and Trolley were there.

"Yes, but if we want to continue to be present we'd better commence to bail," replied the former.

Trolley felt about under the submerged seats and brought up a bailer which had been wedged in one corner. With this he set industriously to work.

Clif and Joy did what they could to help, and before long the water in the launch was materially decreased. The boys labored with lighter hearts. Hope was not so far distant after all.

In this world many things are measured by circumstances. To the drowning man a straw is worth clutching for.

After ten minutes of incessant labor Clif straightened up and announced what was patent to his companions.

"Only a foot of water left, fellows. We can stand that for a time."

"If we only had oars or something to keep the blessed craft before the wind we'd stand a show of living until morning," said Joy.

"We look for things," announced the Japanese youth, suiting the action to the words.

Clif continued bailing as a heavy wave

had thrown more water over the side. Joy and Trolley started to search the boat forward.

There were speedy results. An eager cry came from Joy and he called back:

"Here's a find, Clif. The boat mast and sails are still fastened to the seats where they were before she capsized. Hurrah! We can do something now."

Clif ceased bailing in a jiffy and scrambled forward. He found his companions tugging away at a long shapeless mass, which resolved itself into a mast and a damp, soggy leg-of-mutton sail.

"This is great," he exclaimed, exultantly. "It means that we can manage to keep afloat and make a little headway anyway. It can't be far to the coast of Portugal, and if the old Monongahela don't turn up we'll take a cruise of our own."

"We've got to have rudder," said the ever practical Trolley. "Sail no good without rudder."

"Sure thing," replied Joy. "Don't worry, we'll get one all right. There's a spare oar wrapped up with this sail."

He had made the welcome discovery while unfolding the canvas.

The three castaways set to work without delay, and after a half-hour's hard labor, during which they were compelled to stop and bail a dozen times, they finally had the mast stepped and a close-reefed sail spread.

By degrees the launch worked around until it at last fell off before the wind. It was a change from the constant dangerous rolling in the trough of the sea, but the pitching caused by the enormous waves was anything but pleasant.

The three lads took turns at steering. The solitary oar found with the sail answered the purpose well enough.

The night dragged slowly. As time passed, however, it became apparent that the gale was abating. The sea still ran high, but the wind lessened, until at last, just before dawn, it died down to an ordinary breeze.

And how the miserable, water-soaked, poor castaways waited for the first gray streaks of the coming day!

Light would mean much for them. It would reveal either the welcome outlines of the practice-ship, or a dreary expanse

of desolate ocean. It would tell at once whether they were destined to find hope or be condemned to an uncertain fate.

Small wonder then, that Clif and Joy and Trolley stood up and watched and watched as the first faint rays of the sun drew the expanse of ocean from its pall of darkness.

Trolley was the first to make a discovery. Grasping the swaying mast with one hand, he leaned far out and pointed a shaking finger to an almost shapeless object just visible on the port beam.

A cry in a strange tongue—his own language—came from his lips, then he added excitedly:

"Look! It ship or something. Look there, quick!"

"It is not a ship," replied Clif, slowly. "It seems to be a capsized hull or something. Perhaps it is a dead whale."

There was bitter disappointment in his voice.

"It no whale," insisted the Jap. "It too big. I think it as you say, a turned over ship. Maybe——"

"I say, there's something floating over there," hastily interrupted Joy.

He indicated a spot some distance off the port quarter. It was merely a speck tossing about at the mercy of the waves.

Clif watched it long and earnestly, then he said with more excitement than he had yet shown:

"Do you know, I believe it is a body tied to a bit of wreckage."

"Let's investigate. Perhaps the person may be still alive, if it is a person."

Clif sprang to the stern and grasped the steering oar, which had been abandoned with the coming of daylight. Joy and Trolley handled the sail, and the launch was soon lumbering along on the opposite tack.

The sea was subsiding with each passing moment. The breeze was just strong enough to allow of the free handling of the boat. In the east the sun was climbing into a sky almost cloudless. It promised to be a perfect day.

Under other circumstances the cadets would have felt light-hearted and happy. But the memory of the recent night and its tragedy, and of their present desperate situation attuned no merry song for them.

As they approached the object floating

at the mercy of the waves, they became more and more excited. Finally Trolley sprang up with a shout.

"It two bodies, and they tied to spar," he cried. "They no dead. I see one move."

As if to prove the truth of his words, one of the objects feebly waved an arm.

A faint shout came across the water.

"Help! Help!"

Clif glanced at Joy in amazement.

"That voice is familiar," he exclaimed.

"Can it be——"

"It is Judson Greene," hastily interrupted the lanky lad. "He was in the launch with us last night."

"I am heartily glad he is saved," said Clif sincerely. "Poor fellow, what a terrible time he must have had last night."

"No worse than us," muttered Trolley. "He no good anyway. Why he saved instead of good man?"

"Trolley never forgives an enemy," said Joy. "He has it in for Judson Greene. And I don't blame him, either. The fellow is a cad of the first water, and very dirty water at that."

"We can't bear animosity under present circumstances," replied Clif. "I don't like the fellow any more than you do. He's tried to injure me in a thousand ways, but I am willing to forget it."

The Jap and Joy exchanged glances, and the latter said softly:

"That's Clif all over. He's as generous as he is brave and good, bless his old heart!"

The launch crept nearer and nearer to the strange bit of flotsam. The body of the other castaway was presently brought into view, then as the sail boat swept alongside a simultaneous cry of joy came from the trio.

"It's Nanny!"

The other boy had fallen back, evidently from sheer exhaustion. He half-rose again, and cried wildly:

"Help me into the boat, Faraday. Please hurry; I'm nearly dead. Quick."

"The same old Judson," muttered Joy. "Always thinking of himself. From the looks of things, he's not half as bad as Nanny. The poor youngster is wounded. There's blood all over his face and head."

"Keep up your spirits," cheerily called out Clif. "We'll have you with us in a

jiffy. Stand by, fellows. Steady! that's it. Now, Judson, give us a hand with Nanny."

But Greene cast off the rope binding him to the spar (evidently a fragment of some wrecked mast) and unceremoniously scrambled over the launch's gunwale.

"Thank God!" he gasped, sinking into the bottom. "I thought I'd never see daylight again."

"Still the same old Judson," muttered Joy again, assisting Clif and Trolley to transfer Nanny's insensible form to the launch.

When it was finally accomplished, the little cadet—he was very small and young, with refined, delicate features—lay like one dead.

Clif, by a hasty examination, found that his heart was still beating, however. He applied water to the poor bruised face, and tried every means in his power to revive the lad. He worked with infinite tenderness, as he had great sympathy and affection for little Nanny.

At last the boy gasped and opened his eyes. He was still dazed, and he stared at those about him in a strangely terrified manner.

There was fear in his eyes and his actions—a deadly and unexplainable fear. Placing his arms before his face as if warding off a blow he moaned:

"Please don't throw me off, Judson. I'll only hold to the edge. Don't—don't! Have mercy! I—I—don't want to die. Mercy! mercy!"

CHAPTER V.

A WELCOME FIND.

"Judson Greene, what is the meaning of this?"

Stern and accusing Clif faced the boy cowering at the bottom of the launch. Judson's face was white and he showed every evidence of guilt.

"What do you mean?" he stammered. "I don't know what the little fool is talking about."

"You tell lie," broke in Trolley hotly. "You try do something to that boy. You beat him."

"Worse than that," added Joy equally angry. "Look at the poor kid's face. I'll

bet anything Greene tried to throw him off the spar to make more room for his own worthless carcass."

Judson maintained a sullen silence. Clif fell to soothing Nanny and soon had him more composed.

When the youngster at last realized the truth, and saw that he was surrounded by friends, and one of those friends Clif Faraday, he cried for very joy.

"Oh, Clif, I can't believe it's true," he sobbed. "It must be a dream, and I will wake up and—and——"

"And you will find that it's the finest dream you ever had, youngster," laughed Clif cheerily. "You are all right, Nanny," he added. "You haven't gone to Davy Jones' locker yet. But tell us how you happened to get on that spar, you and Greene."

Nanny glanced at Judson and shuddered. The latter slyly threatened him with his clinched right fist, but the action did not escape Faraday's eye.

Pouncing upon Greene he grasped him by the collar and jerked him to his feet. Then forcing him against the gunwale he cried savagely:

"If I see you do that again I'll heave you overboard, you miserable scamp. You have been ill-treating Nanny and I'll have the truth of it."

"Pitch him to the sharks," exclaimed Joy, also laying violent hands upon the shrinking lad.

Judson was badly frightened.

"I—I—didn't do anything to him, Faraday," he cried, struggling to free himself.

"Yes, you did, too," spoke up Nanny. "When I tried to get on that spar last night, you struck and kicked me in the face, and did your best to make me let go. And you only stopped because you fell into the water. Then I helped you out."

"We throw him overboard for that," exclaimed Trolley fiercely. "He no right to live."

He advanced upon Judson so menacingly that the fellow fairly bellowed for help.

"I'll do anything if you spare my life," he moaned. "Oh, Faraday, don't kill me. I'll be your servant and——"

"Shut up," roughly interrupted Clif. "We can't execute you, you fool. This

is no time or place for heroics. None of us may live another day."

Judson crept whimpering to the bow of the launch and lay there huddled in a heap.

Clif glanced curiously at the fragment of spar, which was still bobbing and tossing alongside.

"It's not part of the Monongahela," he said. "It's from some wrecked merchantman. What a lucky thing it happened along as it did."

"That's true," agreed Nanny earnestly. "When the collision happened I thought I was a goner. I floundered about and was almost drowned when I bumped against that spar."

"There is one queer thing about it," said Joy reflectively. "How is it we came across it when we have been sailing before a gale for several hours?"

"There's an explanation for that, chum," replied Clif. "The wind shifted and we followed it. I remember distinctly having to put the launch almost about last night."

"We go now and see if that thing is capsized ship or dead whale," spoke up Trolley, pointing to where the first object sighted by the boys was still pitching sluggishly upon the long swell.

"It will not be much help to us, but we might as well sail over and see what it is," consented Clif, grasping the steering oar. "Shake the reefs out and set all canvas. Judson, do something for your passage. Haul taut that forward stay."

While the others were at work he stood up in the stern of the launch and made a careful survey of the horizon.

The sun was now fairly on its way toward the zenith, and the whole expanse of ocean was bathed in a flood of light. Overhead a cloudless sky spread from horizon to horizon in one glorious canopy of blue.

It was all very beautiful, but the lad turned away with a sigh. He instinctively felt that the others looked up to him as a leader, and the responsibility weighed heavily upon him.

That the practice-ship had been driven to a considerable distance by the gale was evident. That Captain Brooks would return and institute a thorough search for the lost boat was equally evident. But

what hope was there that the launch—a microscopical dot on the infinite ocean—would be found?

And if the Monongahela did not turn up, what then?"

There was not an ounce of food in the boat nor a drop of fresh water. The stores with which all man-of-war crafts are supplied, had been lost during the collision.

Clif looked toward the bow. It was shattered in the upper part and the timbers were slightly strained. The launch was fairly seaworthy still, but could it survive another gale?

Clif's face was very grave as he turned his attention inboard again. The sail was set and everything ready for proceeding onward. A course was shaped for the distant object.

Clif glanced listlessly at it. He felt assured that it would prove to be either a capsized hull—a grim relic of some ocean tragedy—or a dead whale.

"We won't lose much time in investigating," he said to Trolley, who had come aft. "If it turns out to be what we expect, we'll make tracks for the coast of Portugal."

A half hour later they were within fair sight of the object. As they neared it the

five boys began to show signs of surprise and eager curiosity.

"Surely that isn't the bottom of a ship," said Joy.

"And him no whale either," chimed in Trolley.

"What's that thing sticking up a little aft of midships?" queried Nanny excitedly.

"By gum, it looks like a broken smoke-stack or funnel."

"The thing is iron or steel," cried Judson, crawling aft. "See how the sides glisten."

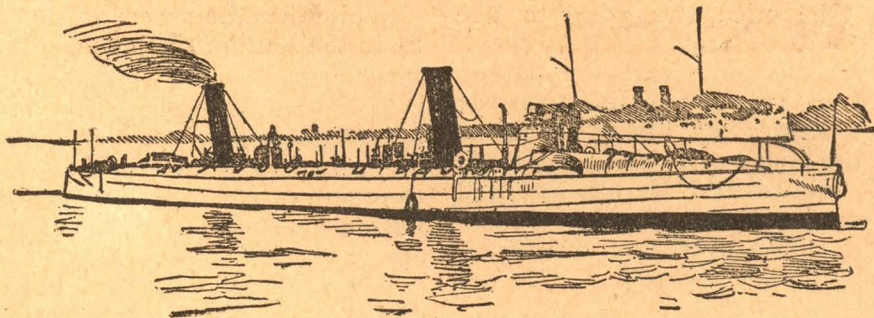
Clif said nothing, but the expression upon his handsome face indicated his lively interest. Carefully handling the steering oar he brought the launch around within a dozen yards of the tossing object.

And then a simultaneous cry of amazement burst from the cadets.

"Great Scott!" added Mark. "It's a torpedo boat and it has been abandoned at sea!"

[THE END.]

The sequel to this interesting story, entitled "A Waif of the Sea," by Ensign Clarke Fitch, U. S. N., will be published next week.



THE CHELTENHAM MILITARY ACADEMY.

BY JOSEPH COBLENTZ GROFF.

(NOTE: This article is the first of a series to be published describing in detail the various military schools, state and private, of the United States. The writer, J. C. Groff, is a graduate of the Annapolis Naval Academy, and at present commandant of a prominent New York City military school.—EDITOR.)



COLONEL JOHN C. RICE, PRINCIPAL.

To properly educate a boy means at the present time more than simply to teach him mathematics, science and the languages. It really means that the boy must be developed morally, physically and socially as well as mentally, if he is to become an active, useful and refined member of the society in which he moves.

While the system adopted at most high-class military schools is such as to meet a great many of these requirements, not all are equally fortunate in having the proper location and surroundings, which without doubt have a great influence upon the student and should be the most important feature to be considered in the selection of a school for the young.

A school that can rightfully boast of excellent natural advantages in this direction is the Cheltenham Military Academy at Ogontz, Pa. Situated on the summit of the Cheltenham Hills, 500 feet or more above the sea level, enjoying plenty of fresh air and pure water, it is very justly noted for its general healthful-

ness. But nine miles from Philadelphia, it is near enough to enable the students to avail themselves of all the advantages and pleasures of a large city, and at the same time it is far enough distant to be rid of the many disadvantages of the same.

In 1871 the late Rev. Samuel Clements, D. D., assisted and encouraged principally by Dr. E. W. Appleton, Mr. Jay Cooke and the late Mr. Robert Shoe-maker, prominent citizens of the neighborhood of Ogontz, conceived the idea of founding an institution where a limited number of young men and boys might receive a full college preparatory course, surrounded by all of the necessary influences. The immediate result of their ideas was the Cheltenham Military Academy, which during the twenty-six years of its existence has prepared more than six hundred young men for various pursuits in life, and is ably represented by its graduates in Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Cornell and the other leading colleges of the country.

The school grounds are large, well shaded and carefully kept, there being in all about sixteen acres which furnish for the school a parade ground, an athletic field, vegetable gardens and pleasant strolling places for the cadets. The most prominent part of the grounds is occupied by the several school buildings, which are large and commodious and in very good condition. The main building contains the drawing room, the reading room, the office and library, sleeping apartments for thirty of the younger cadets and the rooms of the principal and family and of several masters.

The annex contains a reading room for the upper school and quarters for about thirty of the older cadets.

About two years ago a new school building, known as Norwood Hall, was erected and this contains the assembly room, recitation rooms, laboratory, music room and lyceum. In the basement there are bowling alleys

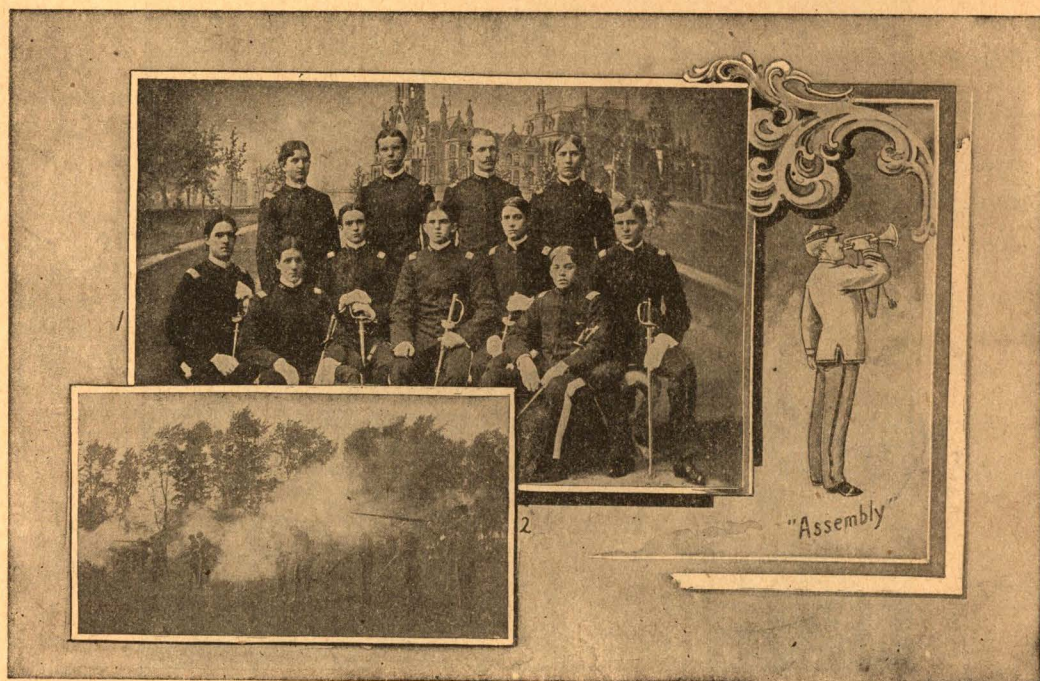
the third week in September and closes at the end of the second week in June, with the usual vacations at Christmas and Easter.

The rates are about the same as those required at all well appointed boys' schools, there being, however, liberal reductions made to clergymen and to officers of the army and navy.

Besides, there are five scholarships that have been established in the Academy for the sons of clergymen, each scholarship having an income of \$300 per year.

The regular rate per year is \$600, in return for which the cadet is furnished with board, furnished room, tuition, school stationery, washing, use of arms and accoutrements and all the advantages that are offered by the school.

The personnel of the school is presided over at present by John C. Rice, Ph.D., who for some years has been its efficient principal. Though still a young man, Dr. Rice has been engaged for a great many years in



GROUP OF OFFICERS.

and other means of amusement for the cadets in bad weather.

Besides these three buildings there are a gymnasium and a chapel building, the former being a large, newly-built structure supplied with the best apparatus; the latter being so constructed as to furnish a school chapel, an armory, a drill hall and quarters for about ten cadets.

In every building where cadets are quartered there is at least one resident master, who is present most of the time to enforce the school and dormitory discipline.

The school is only intended to accommodate, at most, seventy cadets who wish to reside on the grounds, but in addition to these there is a limited number of day pupils admitted. At present there are in attendance at the school sixty boarders and ten day cadets.

The school year begins usually some time during

the profession of teaching, and he has enjoyed from the beginning of his regime at Cheltenham that success and satisfaction which invariably follow a determined, straightforward and wide-awake system of providing for the wants of the students.

Next in authority is the commandant of cadets, who is at the head of the military department and is the school tactician.

This position is held at present by Major Thomas A. Blackford, who is now beginning his third year at the Academy in this capacity.

Major Blackford is a graduate of the well-known Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Va., and has been engaged in military work in connection with private schools for about seven years. He is a good athlete and in addition to his duties in the military department he assists the cadets in the various forms of athletics engaged in at the Academy.

His past record has proved him to be a good disciplinarian and an enthusiastic instructor. In addition to the two officers already named, the different departments of mathematics, science, English studies, classics and history are presided over by the following gentlemen: George W. Woodward, A. M., Fred Doolittle, A. M., Paul C. Scharff, A. M., Louis C. Williams, A. B., David B. Longaker, B. E., and Arthur C. Curtis, A. B.

There are also connected with the school five lady assistants, also instructors in athletics, music and dancing, a school physician and a chaplain. For the purposes of discipline and for instruction in infantry tactics the cadets are organized into a battalion of two companies, each company being commanded by a cadet officer, who is under the direction and supervision of the commandant of cadets.

The officers and non-commissioned officers are selected from those cadets of the upper school who have

asm and interest of the cadets, as a result of this innovation, have been noticed by those in authority at the academy.

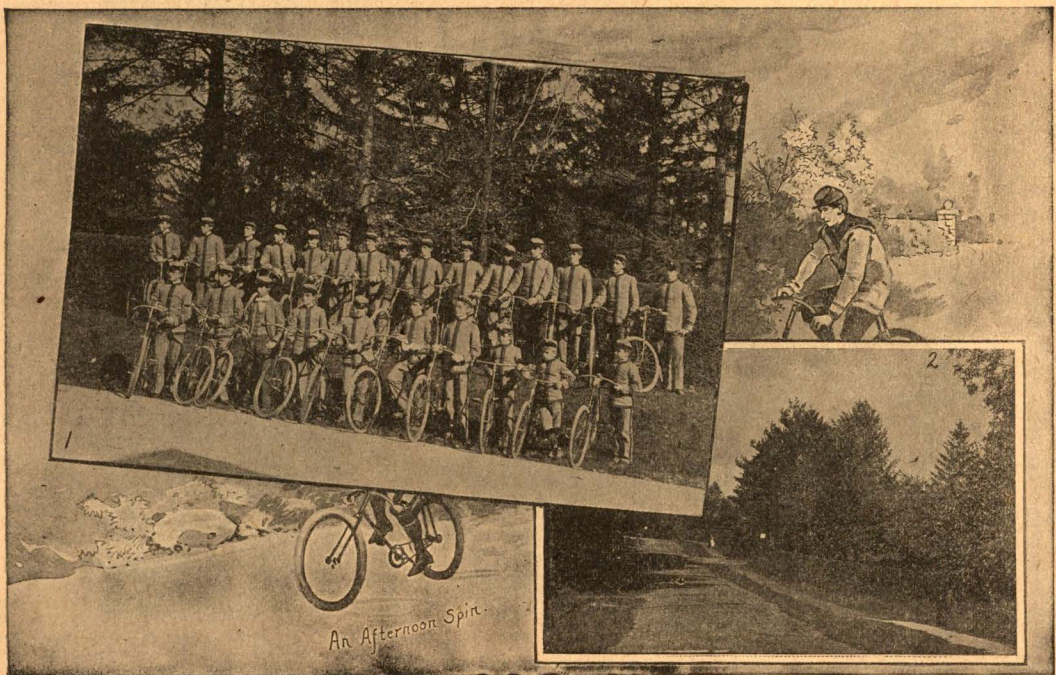
The cadets wear exclusively either a fatigue uniform of gray, somewhat like the West Point cadet fatigue uniform or a full dress uniform of blue cut very much the same way.

Both are very neat and present a very pleasing appearance, and the cadets are compelled to keep them at all times in a good condition.

The military drill at Cheltenham is only one of the several important features of the school, and is not allowed to be put into so great prominence as to interfere with the regular school duties.

On the contrary, it is found to produce a salutary effect upon the discipline and general work about the school.

There are three courses arranged at the academy which extend through a period of six years—the classi-



THE BICYCLE CORPS.

been most studious, most soldier-like in the performance of their duties and most exemplary in conduct.

The cadet officers of the battalion who just finished their duties last June were as follows:

Battalion staff, S. C. Morgan, captain and adjutant; I. W. Price, lieutenant and quartermaster. Captains, A company, R. M. Lincoln; B company, W. H. Kirkbride. Lieutenants, A company, W. H. Merwin, S. C. Hulse, S. V. Brown; B company, T. L. Hayes, B. G. Nice, B. B. Boyd.

On every school day the cadets "fall in" ready for military drill under the direction of their commandant, and are put through the many evolutions prescribed in the infantry drill regulations. Besides these regularly prescribed manoeuvres there are bicycle drills executed by a picked company, which is put through all the details of alignment, firing, etc.

Very good and wholesome effects upon the enthusi-

cal, the Latin scientific, and the English, the first two providing a thorough preparation for the best American colleges or scientific schools, the third being intended for boys who have a business career in view and who do not intend to enter college.

In order to provide a wholesome stimulus for more active work, the principal of the Academy, through the assistance and kindness of liberal-minded friends of the school, offers every year a number of prizes to be competed for by the students. The most important ones are the "Head Boy Prize," the "Military Drill Prize," the "Scholarship Prize" and the "Declamation Prize," which were won during the past year by the following cadets respectively: Orrin Bleakley, Franklin, Pa.; Herbert M. Hall, Philadelphia; Roderick Barnes, New York and Ralph Kilby, Carthage, N. Y.

There are very many school organizations at Chel-

tenham, which fact shows that the school spirit is kept alive at all times in many ways.

The principal ones are the alumni association, the athletic association, the camera club, the bicycle club, the glee club, the mandolin club, the gymnasium exhibition team and the school paper. Under the supervision of the officers of the athletic association are the football, the baseball and the track teams.

At present the academy holds the championship of the Inter-Academic Athletic Association of Eastern Pennsylvania in baseball and football. The association is made up of the leading college preparatory schools of Philadelphia and vicinity, including the well-known Penn Charter School of Philadelphia. The football team for '97 is now vigorously at work, and in the

"Reveille" are Cadets O. F. Bleakley, R. B. Barnes, H. S. Mathis and J. Sheasley.

The life at Cheltenham is very similar to that at most good military schools. From "reveille" to "taps" the cadet is under military discipline, which is as severe as is consistent with the requirements and duties of a private preparatory school. Regular inspections and drills, study hours and recitations, and the ordinary school duties—each has its allotted time of the day in engaging the attention of the cadets, but there are certain periods when they are free to enjoy the various forms of athletics and social pleasures, which help to lighten the cares and hardships of school life. Every morning and evening the cadets assemble in Norwood Hall for prayers, which are conducted by the



MANDOLIN CLUB.

midst of the season's games. The team is captained by Herbert Mathis, is managed by Orrin Bleakley, and both of these cadets receive assistance on the field from Dr. Carl Williams, who is at present coaching the team.

Track athletics at Cheltenham will likely improve very materially in the future by reason of the recent completion of a fine quarter-mile track for the use of the cadets.

The school paper, called "The Cheltenham Reveille," is a very attractive sheet of amateur journalism, containing interesting half-tone illustrations in each number. The present members of the editorial staff of the

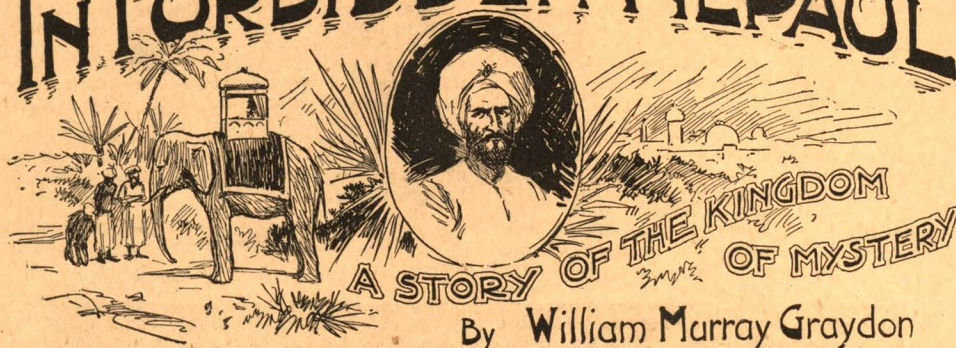
chaplain or by some other official of the school.

On Sunday the regular daily routine is very much modified, for in the morning the cadets have Bible lessons, after which they attend divine services at St. Paul's Church, which is near, or at the Presbyterian church at Ashbourne. In the evening, religious services are conducted in the school chapel by the principal or by some visiting clergyman.

To a great extent a school can be judged properly by the success and standing of its graduates, and judging from the good record made at college by the cadets of the Cheltenham Military Academy, it can justly be classed among the leading military schools of the United States.



IN FORBIDDEN NEPAUL



By William Murray Graydon

Author of "A Legacy of Peril," etc., etc.

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CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE JAWS OF DEATH.

THE intruder was doubtless one of the guards on duty in the vicinity of the Durbar House, and his motive in coming here was either because he had seen or heard something to rouse his suspicions, or from a desire to play the part of eavesdropper himself. So Hawksmoor and Nigel concluded instantly, and they had so little anticipated danger from this quarter that the first effect of the discovery was to stun them. And while they hesitated—it was but a second or two—the situation changed in a twinkling from bad to worse.

The two Englishmen were in the heavy shadow on the further side of the door, and it seems likely, from what happened, that the guard was not aware of their presence. But he must have seen Ali Mirza, and the latter was as quick as his companions to detect the creeping spy. Instead of giving the alarm, however, the little Hindoo craftily feigned indifference and reached for his knife.

Cunning was outmatched by cunning, for the spy had a little trick of his own ready. Like a flash he straightened up, and by a tigerish bound he covered the intervening distance, and fastened with both hands on the Hindoo's throat, at the same time uttering a shrill and warning yell that rang in echoes through the stately building.

Taken by surprise, Ali Mirza at first staggered and nearly fell. But he was too wiry and muscular to be thus easily overcome, and in a trice he had gripped his antagonist.

"Run, sahibs!" he gasped, hoarsely.

The whole thing had transpired in a few seconds, and the shout of alarm woke Hawksmoor and his companion to a sense of their terrible danger and the need of prompt action.

"We are lost!" exclaimed Nigel; and as he spoke he darted forward excitedly.

It was an unfortunate move, for just then Ali Mirza and the spy, locked together in desperate struggle, lost their balance and fell. They struck heavily against the young officer, and knocked him to one side. In vain he tried to keep his footing. With head and shoulders he butted the lattice door, which slipped its frail fastenings and gave way, and right down upon the marble floor of the council chamber he sprawled full length.

Alive to his peril, bruised and half-stunned, Nigel staggered to his feet. He still wore the shooting clothes in which he had left the Residency on the night of his capture, and he knew that his identity could not be concealed. He saw the high priest and Matadeen Mir approaching swiftly, and the latter's face was distorted with passion and amazed recognition: a jewel-encrusted dagger gleamed in his hand.

"Quick, Davenant! Make a dash for it!"

At the summons Nigel turned toward the open door, but he slipped on the polished marble and fell again, and before he could rise, the chance of escape was gone. He met the attack of his enemies kneeling, and by jerking his body to one side he narrowly missed the stroke of the descending dagger. Then he flung up both hands, and more by chance than design he caught Matadeen Mir's right wrist, and with a force that sent the weapon clattering to the floor.

A brief struggle followed. Shouting at the top of their voices, the Prime Minister and Vashtu threw themselves upon the Englishman. But desperation lent Nigel the strength of a madman, and he not only beat off the clutching arms of his foes, but managed to get to his feet. He landed a furious blow on the body of the high priest, knocking the breath pretty well out of him and driving him back in spasms of pain.

Then he rushed at Matadeen Mir, but the latter evaded the attack by dodging to one side. He snatched up the dagger from the floor, and with an oath he swung round and confronted Nigel, bent on making a speedy end of the fray.

"Die, Feringhee!" he snarled, lifting the steel for a thrust.

Nigel retreated backward a pace or two, throwing up his arms to ward off the stroke, and yet convinced that he could not escape death. But help was closer at hand than he believed. Travers Hawksmoor, having in the brief interval assisted Ali Mirza to stun the spy by dashing his head against the stone floor, now came with a dash to the scene.

So cleverly was he disguised as a native of Yoga that the Prime Minister at first believed him to be a friend; but he quickly found out his mistake, and that before he could even attempt to use his dagger. Hawksmoor threw himself between the two, revolver in hand, and with the weapon reversed he dealt a hard and unerring blow at the startled Hindoo. The brass-mounted butt made a great gash on Matadeen Mir's forehead, and as the red blood spurted from the wound he went down like a log, and lay quivering on the marble floor.

"Well done!" gasped Nigel. "You saved my life."

"I hope I have killed the ruffian," muttered Hawksmoor. "I would like to make sure, but if we delay an instant longer we are lost."

There was indeed no time to spare. Vashtu, having recovered from the blow and scorning to take refuge in flight, towered above the far end of the stone table. His arms were uplifted, his eyes glowed with fanatical fury, and he alternately shouted in a shrill voice or screamed dreadful imprecations on the impious invaders. And the alarm had already spread beyond the Durbar House. From close by, in the direction of the town, came a hoarse tumult of voices, clashing arms, and running feet.

"Hark, they are very near!" said Nigel.

"Yes, we must be off!" exclaimed Hawksmoor. "Heaven help us if we are caught!"

As they turned away from the bleeding and uncon-

scious body of Matadeen Mir, a slab of marble whizzed with unerring aim from the door. It struck the bronze lamp, dashing it off the table to the floor and instantly extinguishing the flame. The missile was thrown by Ali Mirza—who had kept beyond reach of observation during the fight—and now his voice rang clear and sharp:

"Come, sahibs—for your lives!"

Hawksmoor and Nigel groped their way hurriedly through the darkness to the lattice door, where they found the little Hindoo waiting for them. As they left the passage, and started at a run across the court, they heard behind them a crashing noise, and then a wild clamor, mingling with the high priest's shrill tones. The guards had entered the council chamber from the town side, and, in addition to that danger, alarming sounds could be heard right and left.

"I will not go into the cavern," said Ali Mirza, leading the way through the tangle of ruins. "I know a passage close by that is safe for me alone, and as my face was hidden from those whom we fought to-night, I can walk about without suspicion in Yoga."

"That is true," assented Hawksmoor. "And you will come to us with news in the morning?"

"Truly I shall come," replied the Hindoo, "but not to the island of the Evil Spirit. Go quickly through the cavern, sahibs, and when you have crossed the bridge hurl it into the gulf; for when you are not found here, some will think of the passage, and a search will be made there. Tell Bhagwan Das to guide you to the island of the temple without delay, and to that place I will come before many hours. Keep these words in mind, my master."

"I will remember them—I understand," muttered Hawksmoor. "But be careful, lest harm befall yourself."

There was no time to say more. The mouth of the tunnel was just ahead, and the noisy clamor of the pursuers seemed to be only a few yards behind. Ali Mirza prised the stone slab open, and closed it on his companions the instant they had entered, leaving them in darkness and silence. Hawksmoor had a box of vestas and one of the resinous torches concealed in the folds of his kummerbund, and as soon as he had lighted the end of the stick, he led the way forward.

"Do you think Ali Mirza will escape?" Nigel asked.

"I am sure of it—he is too cunning to be caught. But I say, Davenant, what a mess we have made of it to-night! For one thing, you should have come disguised."

"I know that," assented Nigel. "Matadeen Mir recognized me."

"Of course he did. And there will be the biggest rumpus to follow that was ever heard of in Nepal. You understood the conversation in the council chamber?"

"Perfectly; and a most fiendish and cunning plot it is. But will this scrape interfere with your plans for rescuing the girl?"

"I don't know—I can't tell yet," Hawksmoor answered. "It will all depend on the news Ali Mirza brings us to-morrow. What most concerns us at present is to get safely through the mountain, and move our quarters."

"You surely don't think there is any danger of pursuit?" Nigel asked, uneasily.

Before the question could be answered, the silence in the rear was broken by a sudden confused noise—a din of voices and hurrying feet that echoed strangely through the hollow space.

"It means the worst, my dear fellow—a race for life," exclaimed Hawksmoor. "With devilish cunning the rascals have tracked us to the mouth of the tunnel, and they are going to give us a run for it. I did not expect them so soon, I confess. We must make a spurt, Davenant. Come along!"

Side by side they pressed on at a run, the yellow glare of the torch flashing ahead on the rocky walls and roof. Their breath was giving out when they reached the top of the ascent, and the clamor in the windings of the passage behind them sounded much louder than before. They sped fleetly over the level and came at last, panting and badly winded, to the precarious bridge; and as they looked over their shoulders they saw ruddy lights flashing in the rear.

"No time to spare," muttered Hawksmoor. "I'll go first."

He rapidly crossed to the other side, and thrust the torch into a crevice of the rocks.

"Come on, Davenant!" he called.

Nigel planted his feet on the bridge and began the perilous little journey. He reached the middle safely, his nerves unshaken by the swaying movement and by the yawning depths below. On and on, foot by foot, until he was within less than two yards of where Hawksmoor stood waiting with outstretched hand. Then one of the side strips suddenly snapped, and he lost his balance. With a frightened cry he fell through the gap, snatched at and caught the strip next to the broken one in both hands, and hung suspended over the black gulf.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FIGHT AT THE BRIDGE.

The thought of his narrow escape from instant death, of the slender thread on which his life still depended, chilled and weakened Nigel for an instant. Half-numbed by horror, he swayed to and fro in empty space, feeling in imagination the frightful plunge that his body must soon make to the unknown bottom of the abyss. He was sure that his weight would speedily break the strip to which he was clinging, yet he could not draw himself up, nor did he dare attempt to shift his position to one of the side poles. A few seconds passed, and they seemed to him as so many minutes; then an ominous cracking noise just overhead.

"Help—help!" he called, hoarsely.

A confused clamor was echoing through the cavern now, but above it Hawksmoor's voice rang out distinctly:

"Hold fast, Davenant! I will save you!"

The words gave Nigel courage—nerved him a little.

"For God's sake be quick!" he answered, as he tightened his clutch on the strip.

He heard a din of yelling voices and running feet behind him, and realized with fresh horror what it meant.

"Keep cool, old fellow."

Hawksmoor spoke with cheering calmness and he had already crawled three feet out on the frail bridge, which oscillated and creaked alarmingly under the double burden. An instant later Nigel saw his friend's head and shoulders looming above him, and then a pair of dusky hands reached down and took a firm grip on his two aching wrists.

"Let go, Davenant. Trust to me."

Hawksmoor was kneeling on the cross-strips and had braced himself for the struggle.

With a gasp Nigel released his hold. For a second or two he dangled in air, a dead weight; then he was drawn slowly up between the side poles, until his head was above them. The bridge stood the strain splendidly, as did Hawksmoor's muscles; and at last, with a final effort, Nigel was pulled to where his knees could rest on the strips. His head was swimming, his strength was almost gone, and he was wet with perspiration.

"Don't let go of me," he pleaded, huskily.

"I must," Hawksmoor answered in a sharp tone. "Crawl after me on hands and knees, and if you feel dizzy throw yourself flat. Quick! there is not a second to lose."

The peremptory command had a bracing effect on Nigel at once, and he obeyed instructions. In spite of the swaying of the bridge he kept his balance and slowly followed his rescuer, while the latter receded backwards from strip to strip.

Only a few feet had to be traversed, but it was a most critical moment for the two fugitives, and the odds were all against them. The risk of falling into the chasm, or of the bridge breaking, was slight compared to the danger that was swiftly overtaking them from the rear; for now the pursuers were so close that the reflection of their torches flashed faintly to right and left of the bridge, and their savage yells, blending with the patter of many feet, told that they had sighted their prey.

Hawksmoor was facing that way, and could see all, but his rigid, motionless features told nothing—revealed no sign of the tremendous mental strain he must have been enduring. The temptation to turn and look over his shoulder almost mastered Nigel.

"Are they at the bridge yet?" he panted, as he

crept on unsteadily. "Will we have time to throw it into the gulf before they can cross?"

"Be careful—don't get reckless!" was the calm and evasive reply.

"Answer me!" insisted Nigel.

"We will escape, Davenant, though it will be by the skin of our teeth. I promise you that, so don't lose heart. A little faster—we are very nearly across."

The words were almost drowned by a burst of fiendish cries. Wavering streaks of yellow light played all about the fugitives, and several spears and other weapons whizzed over their heads and fell with a clatter. A second or two more and Hawksmoor was at the brink of the chasm. Springing like a flash to the firm rock, he bent down, seized his companion's arms, and hauled him up beside him with a swift and steady pull. Then his right hand went to his kummerbund; there was a glimmer of steel, and a sharp report woke a thousand echoes.

Nigel tottered a few feet back from the brink, trembling like a leaf. Brave and cool-headed as he usually was in times of peril, that frightful experience on the bridge had thoroughly unnerved him. His brain was dizzy and confused, and what he saw when he turned and looked towards his companion seemed for a moment more like a vivid nightmare than a reality.

In the mouth of the tunnel across the chasm, lit up ruddily by the glare of two or three torches, a dozen or more of swarthy, ferocious featured natives were dancing about and yelling with rage—huge fellows with long black hair, wearing tunics and short trousers of green calico, and armed with tulwars, spears, and knives. One of their number lay dead on the very brink of the gulf, killed by Hawksmoor's first and only shot, and this had temporarily checked the others and driven them back a little.

Directly opposite to them, fearlessly exposed to the light of his own little torch, Hawksmoor was making the most of the chance, tugging with both hands at the bridge; but the structure was heavy and cumbersome, and the fact that four feet of its length rested on the rock added to the difficulty of his task. Calmly he dragged it to one side, inch by inch, while the yelling fiends let fly a straggling shower of weapons that missed him as though he bore a charmed life.

Divining the intrepid man's purpose, and seeing that he must soon succeed, the natives suddenly screwed themselves up to a fanatical pitch of courage. Screeching louder than ever, they made a dash at the bridge. But Hawksmoor was as quick to act, and, standing erect, he leveled and aimed his revolver.

Crack! With the flash and the report the foremost native, who was already on the bridge, flung up his arms and toppled into space with a yell. The crash of the body, far below, was drowned by the second shot and its echoes. Another of the swarthy wretches fell, and lay quivering on the brink. The rest wavered for an instant, and their cries of rage made a weird and blood-curdling chorus in the hollow heart of the mountain.

"Davenant, I need you. Quick!"

The summons roused Nigel from his stupor. Less than a minute had passed while he stood looking passively on from the background, and now he sprang eagerly forward, fired by a burning desire to take part in the gallant struggle. He stooped to grasp the end of the bridge.

"No, not that," Hawksmoor shouted, looking at him doubtfully. "You will lose your head and fall over. Is your arm steady?"

"I think so."

"Then take this"—thrusting the revolver into his hand. "There are three shots left, and our lives depend on them. Don't waste a single one, but keep those devils back!"

"I'll do it," Nigel vowed fiercely; and as he stood back a little, leveling the weapon, Hawksmoor again tackled the end of the bridge.

At that instant the natives, grown desperate and reckless, made another rush to the brink. Some hurled short spears across, and two ventured daringly on the bridge. Untouched by the weapons, Nigel took a steady aim and fired. The foremost man pitched headlong into the gulf, and his companion, losing heart, scrambled back.

"Good shot!" cried Hawksmoor, who was tugging and straining away like a slave. "Half a minute more will do it, Davenant!"

But meanwhile two new arrivals, bearing torches, had joined the foe. One of these a big, brawny ruffian, was armed with a musket. Pushing forward, he knelt on the very brink of the chasm and took deliberate aim at Hawksmoor. Nigel saw the danger, and both fired at the same instant. The crack of the revolver was drowned by the thunderous report of the heavier weapon, and through the curling smoke the Hindoo was seen to reel, pitch forward, and vanish in the depths of the gulf.

"I'm not hit! The bullet went by my ear!" Hawksmoor shouted, in a cheery voice. "Watch sharp, Davenant!"

There was a burst of ear-splitting yells, and half a dozen of the natives, roused to a pitch of insane fury, made a bold attempt to carry the bridge. Three were treading nimbly and swiftly across the swaying structure before Nigel could send the first one headlong down to death. The other two came on recklessly, and two more joined them.

"That was the last shot," cried Nigel. "God help us!"

"It's all right!" Hawksmoor yelled, in triumph; and as he spoke he darted back from the brink.

What happened next was before Nigel's eyes for many a day. The end of the bridge was nearly off the rock, and suddenly, under the great strain, both of the main poles snapped in the middle. Down went the structure in two parts, taking its burden of four screaming wretches with it. There was a frightful crash, a couple of thuds, and after that a moment of shuddering silence; then across the bridgeless chasm rose the frenzied wailing and shrieking of the survivors.

Snatching the torch from its cleft, Hawksmoor called to Nigel, and they turned and sped through the tunnel, where now no foe could follow them. In the rear the outcry faded and died, but they hurried on with unflagging steps, thinking of the horrible tragedy they had just witnessed, and wondering what baleful influence on their future the night's adventure was destined to have. There was no time to lose, for they knew that the Kalli river would be searched ere morning, and that without delay they must reach the more distant island mentioned by Ali Mirza.

The torch was burned almost to the end when they came to the beach by the water-passage, where Bhagwan Das was waiting, and it needed no more than a glimpse of their faces to tell the old Hindoo that disaster had happened. The story was briefly related to him while he paddled the boat swiftly to the river and across to the Island of the Evil Spirit.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HINDOO'S WARNING.

It was very close to dawn, and the hour, according to the old proverb, was of the darkest. No moon glimmered in the starry sky, and there was a strange blackness in the hushed night-air. At a distance of three or four miles from the Island of the Evil Spirit a heavily laden boat was gliding up the channel of the Kalli river, slowly cleaving its way to the subdued drip and splash of the paddles.

In the bow of the craft, almost indistinguishable from the heaped-up masses of luggage, crouched Bhagwan Das. He was on the alert, with eyes fixed keenly ahead, and from time to time he called directions in a low voice to his companions. Travers Hawksmoor and Nigel Davenant were squatted one behind the other in the stern, and while they paddled they talked anxiously of the horrible things they had seen and done that night, and of the dangers which they might at any moment be called upon to grapple with.

There was reason for fear and uncertainty. It had been late when they reached the island, and it had been much later when they embarked on the longer journey, the three men and all the traps in one boat. The other boat was securely hidden among the rocks, and by Hawksmoor's advice the camp had been cleansed of all trace of human occupation. It was now close to morning, and the island was but a few miles in the rear. As yet the night was calm and quiet, but the fugitives knew that the dawn, if it fell upon them ere they reached their destination, might reveal them to watchful eyes and pursuing foes.

"Do you see any light in the east?" Hawksmoor asked.

"Not the faintest streak," said Nigel.

"It will come soon enough," his companion muttered. "In Nepal the dawn breaks almost without warning—a black sky one minute and a spreading wave of silver the next."

"Are we near to this island of the temple, where we are to find safe shelter and to meet Ali Mirza?" Nigel questioned.

"I don't know," Hawksmoor replied. "Bhagwan Das, you can tell us that."

"Sahibs, it is not far," the Hindoo answered. "Paddle well, that we may make a good race with the coming dawn. Already we have entered the lake—"

"The lake!" interrupted Hawksmoor.

"The purple lake of Dacca!" ejaculated Nigel.

They looked about them with curiosity and surprise. Intent on paddling and conversation, they had failed to notice the change from the channel of the Kalli river to the wider surface of the lake. There was little to mark the difference now, save for the fading into pale shadows of the mountain walls that had loomed right and left. The current was perhaps more sluggish, and a light breeze had sprung up that might be the precursor of the dreaded dawn.

"So this is the mysterious lake of Dacca, which leads to the monastery!" said Nigel. "And why the purple lake?"

"Daylight will answer the question," said Hawksmoor, "if what reports I have heard are true. Come, we must paddle faster. What a clumsy old tub this is—beastly hard to drive! I almost wish we had brought two boats. Bhagwan Das, are you attending to business?"

"My eyes are open, sahib," the Hindoo replied. "Paddle straight on for the present, as you are going now. It is very near to the dawn."

"Do you think we are out of danger?" Nigel asked, as he quickened his strokes in time with his companion.

"It is hard to tell," muttered Hawksmoor. "We may be sure that our enemies lost no time in taking to boats as soon as the survivors came back from the tunnel. They are shrewd devils, and would likely make a search both up and down the river."

"Then they may be close behind us?"

"It is quite possible, Davenant."

"What we have gone through since last evening seems like a bad dream," said Nigel. "I can scarcely believe it all—the interview between the Prime Minister and the high priest, the fight in the Durbar House, the retreat through the tunnel, and that awful scene at the bridge! I wonder if you killed Matadeen Mir."

"No such luck, Davenant. But I'm sorry now that I didn't; for in that event the priests would probably have restored Miss Brabazon to her friends after a short time. Now; the ruffian will recover, and go on with his little game—until we beat him."

"I fear that is impossible."

Hawksmoor shrugged his shoulders.

"We shall see," he muttered. "I have hopes of being able to play the trump card at the end."

"You put fresh courage into me," said Nigel, "and yet I feel that nothing short of a miracle can save the girl from Matadeen Mir's base design. He is powerful and dangerous, and he is such a clever plotter—"

"Yes; his cunning almost compels one to admire him," broke in Hawksmoor. "You heard the interview with Vashtu—that tells all. Until recently the Prime Minister's sole aim and purpose in life has been to seize the throne and make himself sole ruler of Nepal. Then Muriel Brabazon appears on the scene, and he falls in love with her with all the fire of an Oriental's passion. He sees a chance to win the girl and the kingdom at one clever stroke—to enlist the powerful and necessary aid of the priests of Durgadeva. So, daring scoundrel that he is, he hires some skilled

artisan to forge that prophecy on the slab of stone, and arranges for the discovery of it in the old Durbar House."

"You believe it is forged?" Nigel exclaimed.

"I am certain it is," Hawksmoor said, with a smile; "and it is done so cunningly as to defy detection."

"Then there is no hope that the priests will suspect the villainy?"

"None, Davenant. Don't look to that source for the girl's deliverance. We only can save her."

"Then you are still determined to attempt her rescue?"

"If you are still in the mind to join me."

"If? Can you doubt it, Hawksmoor? Give me the chance—I'll save Muriel Brabazon or leave my bones in Nepal. I wish, though, that it was possible to get some word to Colonel Raincliffe."

"That is out of the question, Davenant. In Katmandu and at the Residency you are believed to be dead—drowned in the Vishnumati. The illusion must not be broken."

"Yes, you are right," assented Nigel. "But tell me by what means—if you have any plan—you hope to rescue Miss Brabazon."

"My plan is only half-formed," Hawksmoor replied, "and whether I undertake it or not depends on the report Ali Mirza brings. But the time has come to be open with you, and what little there is to tell you shall know. To-morrow, Davenant, is the first of three days set aside in every month when from far and near the natives bear offerings of food to the monastery. The gifts are, of course, for the benefit of the priests, but they are deposited at a shrine in one of the outer courts. We will join these pilgrims, cunningly disguised, and enter the court with them. Bhagwan Das will accompany us, and at the first opportunity he will guide us unseen from the court to a certain underground part of the monastery which the priests rarely visit. The rest must depend on chance. If you and I can find out where Miss Brabazon is confined and succeed in releasing her, Bhagwan Das will lead us to a secret water passage, procure boats, and take us down the lake to the Island of the Evil Spirit. That place is most unlikely to be searched, and we can hide there until the time is ripe for us to join Ali Mirza's caravan, and so slip out of Nepal."

The reckless daring of the plan, while it appealed to Nigel's adventurous spirit, fairly took his breath away.

"It's the riskiest thing I ever heard of," he said, "and there's about one chance in a hundred of success. But I am with you to the bitter end, Hawksmoor—count on that. And has Bhagwan Das consented to play his part? I am surprised at that—"

"He has promised, Davenant, and I shall hold him to his word."

"Good. And Ali Mirza is not going with us?"

"Why should he? He can do us better service outside the monastery. He will see that the Island of the Evil Spirit is supplied with provisions against our arrival, and will make the necessary arrangements for getting us over the frontier."

"Does he know who Bhagwan Das is—that he was once a priest of Durgadeva?"

"Ali Mirza has been kept in ignorance of that fact by the wish of Bhagwan Das," Hawksmoor replied, "and I am certain he does not suspect the truth. Come, Davenant, we must paddle faster. Look, a glimmer of light is breaking yonder on the horizon!"

"Hist, sahibs!" interrupted the anxious voice of the Hindoo. "Cease paddling for but a moment. Unless my ears deceive me, I have just heard that which we wish not to hear."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



DEAN DUNHAM;

OR, THE WATERFORD MYSTERY.

By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.,

Author of "The \$500 Check," etc.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

OUT OF THE ENEMY'S HANDS.

EBEN and I will hide and leave you to receive them alone," said Rawson, rising hastily.

"But——" expostulated Dean in considerable alarm.

"Don't be afeared, lad. They shan't do you any harm. We want a little fun, that's all. We shall be close at hand."

The two darted behind a tree, leaving Dean reclining on the turf.

Kirby and Dean approached, engaged apparently in earnest conversation. They were close upon Dean before they recognized him. It is needless to say that their amazement was profound.

"Look there, Dan!" said Kirby, stopping short, "There's the kid!"

"Well, I'm beat!" ejaculated Dean.

"How on earth can he have escaped? If he got away without Pompey's knowledge he's about the smartest youngster I ever came across. I will take care it shan't happen again."

Striding forward, Kirby confronted Dean with a stern face.

Dean, by way of carrying out the deception, started and assumed a look of terror.

"What does all this mean, boy?" demanded Kirby.

"What does what mean?" asked Dean in apparent perplexity.

"How came you here? You know well enough what I mean."

"I walked," answered Dean, demurely.

"Of course you did! How did you get out of the place where I put you?"

"I went out at the back door."

Kirby turned to Dean in alarm.

"Was it unlocked?" he asked, resuming his examination of the boy.

"Yes; if it hadn't been I couldn't have got out."

"Where is Pompey—the negro? What did you do to him?" asked Kirby, suspiciously.

"He fell asleep after dinner."

"And I suppose you took the key from him in his sleep," said Kirby, rather as a statement than an inquiry.

Dean made no reply, and Peter Kirby took this as an admission that he was right.

"That must be the way, Dan," he said, turning to his companion. "It's lucky we met our young friend here, or we might have been deprived of his society."

Dean looked depressed, and Kirby was deceived by his manner.

"I suppose you know what's going to happen?" he said addressing himself to Dean.

"No."

"Well, you'll soon know. You're going back to keep

company with Pompey. He is very lonesome there in the cave, and he will be brightened up by having a boy as company."

"Oh, Mr. Kirby, please let me go on my way!" pleaded Dean.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, but it can't be done. Sit down, Dan. We've got a long walk before us, and we will rest a while."

The two men seated themselves one on each side of Dean, occupying the exact places recently vacated by the two miners. Kirby had been angry at first with Dean, but the exultation he felt at recovering him abated his wrath and made him good-natured. He felt like the cat who has the mouse securely in his power.

"Oho!" he laughed, "this is a good joke! This foolish lad really supposed that he had bidden us good-by. Didn't you, lad?"

"Yes; I never expected to see you again."

Kirby laughed again.

"My lad," he said, "you are not yet smart enough to circumvent Peter Kirby. You'll have to be several years older at least."

"Mr. Kirby," said Dean, earnestly, "will you tell me why you want to keep me a prisoner?"

"Suppose I say that I like your society?"

"I shouldn't believe you."

"You are a sharp one, youngster. That isn't the only reason."

"So I thought. What is the reason, then?"

"You know too much and suspect too much, boy. You're a pesky young spy. We don't propose to leave you at liberty to injure us."

"Was that why Squire Bates arranged for you to take me with you?" asked Dean, with a penetrating look.

"What motive could he have except to help you to a position?" answered Kirby, evasively.

"I don't know," answered Dean, emphasizing the last word.

"But you suspect something. Is that it?"

Dean nodded.

"Boy, you are too candid for your own good. It is clear that you are too sharp to be kept at liberty."

"Do you mean to take me back to the cave?"

"Yes."

"Why not let me travel with you instead? I should prefer it to such a gloomy prison."

"No doubt you would, but, as it happens, I am not bound to respect or consult your wishes. No doubt you think you would have a better chance to escape if I let you go with me."

"Yes," answered Dean, demurely.

"So I thought, and that is the very reason I can't gratify you. I can't be bothered with a boy I must constantly watch, though, for that matter, if you played me false again," he added sternly, "I shouldn't scruple to put a bullet through your head."

He looked fiercely at Dean as if he meant it. Dean

had no doubt that nothing but a fear of the consequences would deter him from the desperate act he hinted at, and he rejoiced more than ever that he had two stalwart friends so near at hand.

There was a little more conversation between Kirby and Dan, and then Kirby rose to his feet.

"Well, boy," he said abruptly, "it is time for us to be going."

"Go if you like, Mr. Kirby!" said Dean, quietly. "I prefer to remain where I am."

"What, boy?" exclaimed Kirby, angrily, "do you mean to defy us?"

"I mean, Mr. Kirby, that you have no right to interfere with me, or to deprive me of my freedom."

"No right, have I?" inquired Kirby in a sarcastic tone.

"That is what I said."

"Then, boy, you'd better not have said it. You won't fare any better for it, I can tell you that. Come, get up, and at once!"

He leaned over, and grasping Dean by the collar pulled him roughly to his feet.

The next moment, he thought he had been struck by lightning. He received a blow on the side of his head that stretched him full length on the ground.

When he rose, vaguely wondering what had happened, he confronted not the boy he had assaulted, but a strong, athletic man, with a powerful frame, and a stern, resolute eye.

This was Rawson, but he was not alone. Standing between Dean and Dan was another man, younger, but looking quite as powerful, Eben Jones, of Connecticut.

"What do you mean by this outrage?" demanded Kirby, with a baffled look, gnawing his nether lip in abortive wrath.

"That's a question for me to ask, stranger," retorted Rawson, coolly. "What do you mean by assaulting the boy?"

"What do I mean? He is my servant, who has deserted and deceived me."

"Is this true, lad?"

"No, it isn't. I came West with his man, as a secretary, not knowing his character. I found out that he was a thief and then I left him."

"You shall answer for this, boy!" said Kirby, almost frothing at the mouth. "How dare you insult me?"

"The boy is telling the truth. I make no doubt, if you call that insulting you," said Rawson. "He tells us you shut him up in a cave."

"Yes, and I'll do it again."

"Will you indeed? You are at liberty to try."

"What have you got to do with the boy any way?"

"A good deal. We have just admitted him as a partner in our mining firm. You'll find us in Gilpin County if you want to call, though on the whole I wouldn't advise it, as we miners make short shrift of such fellows as you are."

"The boy must come with us!" said Kirby, doggedly, unwilling to own himself beaten.

"I've got something to say to that, stranger, and it's quickly said. Make yourselves scarce both of you, or you'll never know what hit you."

He pulled from his girdle a six shooter and pointed it at Kirby.

The latter needed no second hint. He and Dan turned and walked away, muttering some ugly threats to which the two miners paid no heed.

"Now, lad, we'll have some supper," said Rawson, "and look out for a good place to pass the night. I can't say much for your friends. They're about as ugly looking knaves as I ever saw."

"I agree with you," said Dean, heartily. "I hope I shall never see them again."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SIX MONTHS AMONG THE MINES.

Six months later among the hills of Gilpin County we find three old acquaintances. They are Ben Rawson, Ebenezer Jones, and Dean Dunham. Dean has grown taller and there is a healthy brown hue on his cheeks. His eyes are bright, and his look is cheerful.

The three are sitting in front of a miners' cabin, resting after the fatigues of the day.

"Have a pipe, Dean?" asks Rawson.

"No, Ben; you know I don't smoke."

"You're right, lad, no doubt, but I couldn't get

along without it. Do you know, boys, it is just six months to-day since we came here, after our brief interview with Dean's friends. By the way, what are their names?"

"Peter Kirby and Dan—I don't know his last name."

"I wonder what has become of them. It is easy to tell what will befall them at last."

"I hope I shall never set eyes on them again," said Dean, fervently.

"Well, I won't just say that; I might like to meet them if they were about to receive their deserts."

"Do you know how we stand, Rawson?" asked Eben Jones, taking the pipe from his mouth.

"I was just figuring up, Eben, this afternoon, since you have made me treasurer. There's a little over three thousand dollars in the common fund."

"A thousand dollars apiece."

"Precisely. It isn't a bad showing, is it? What do you say to that, Dean? How old are you?"

"Sixteen, but I am nearer seventeen."

"There are not many boys of your age who are worth a thousand dollars."

"I owe it to your kindness, Ben—yours and Eben's."

"I don't admit that, Dean. You have worked hard for it."

"But then I am only a boy, and yet you admit me to an equal partnership."

"And we're glad to do it, Dean," said Rawson, warmly. "Isn't that so, Eben?"

"You're talkin' for us both, Ben. The kid's been a great deal of company for us."

"Besides, Dean, Eben and I have got ten thousand dollars between us in a bank in Denver, unless the bank's busted, which I haven't heard of. I say, Eben, old chap, I feel rich!"

"I feel rich enough to go home," said Eben, after a thoughtful pause. "Would you mind if I did, Ben?"

"I should mind so much, Eben, that I should probably go along too."

"But that would be leaving Dean alone," objected Eben.

"Perhaps he would like to make a trip East also."

"Yes, I would," said Dean. "It's a long time since I've heard from my uncle and aunt. I think my last letter couldn't have reached them."

"There's one thing in the way," observed Rawson. "Our claims are valuable—more so than six months ago. If we leave 'em some one will take possession, and that'll be an end of our ownership."

"Sell 'em," said Eben, concisely.

"That will take time."

"I'll stay till it's done. I'm not going to give 'em away."

"Trust a Connecticut Yankee for that," said Rawson, laughing. "Well, to-morrow, then, we'll let our neighbors know that our claims are for sale."

Dean and his two friends retired at an early hour. They usually became fatigued by the labors of the day, and did not require to court slumber long. They rose early, and took their breakfast at a restaurant near by. Before this was opened, they took turns at cooking breakfast themselves, but were glad to delegate that duty to some one else.

Dean, as the best penman, prepared the sign:

THESE CLAIMS FOR SALE.

Rather fortunately, as Rawson was weak not only in writing but in spelling, and would have been very likely to write "Theas clames fer sail," without a thought that he had committed an error.

About nine o'clock on the second morning, a small man, dressed in a drab suit, walked leisurely up to Rawson, and remarked: "I understand that you wish to sell these claims."

"Exactly, if we can get a fair price."

"By what you mean—"

"Myself, Mr. Jones and the boy. We are partners. Where might you be from, friend?"

"I have an office in Denver. I am commissioned by a Philadelphia syndicate to buy some mining property, which will be worked with the help of improved machinery in a systematic manner."

"Then you will need more than we have to sell."

"I have secured the property on each side of you," said the agent, composedly.

"What figures are you prepared to offer?" asked Rawson, with a look of business. "I don't want to be

extortionate, but the claims are good ones, and we don't want to sacrifice them."

Then ensued a few minutes of bargaining, in which Dean took no part. Eben, though usually the most silent of the three, now developed the qualities characteristic of the New England Yankee, and it was due to him that the property was sold for six thousand dollars.

"I might have got more if I'd stood out a little longer," he said, half regretfully.

"We've done pretty well, though," said Rawson, complacently. "It's two thousand dollars apiece, say three, with what we've taken from it in the last six months. What do you say to that, lad? You'll go home with three thousand dollars."

"It doesn't seem possible, Ben. Why, Uncle Adin has been at work for forty years, and I don't believe the old place would fetch that."

"Money's easier to come at than in the old times. You'll astonish the old folks, lad."

"There'll be some others that'll be surprised," said Dean, smiling. "Squire Bates and Brandon among the rest."

"It's better than going home like a tramp. Its strange how much more people think of you when you're worth a little property. And I don't know but they're right. To get money, I mean honestly, a man must have some brains, and he must be willing to work. How much money do you think I had when I arrived here?"

"I don't know."

"Eighteen dollars. It was grit or brains with me, I can tell you. Eben here wasn't much better off."

"Not so well. I only had nine dollars."

"And now we've got eight thousand apiece. That'll make us comfortable for a while, eh, Eben?"

"For life, Rawson. I shall never come back here, but settle down at home, where people will call me a rich man."

"I can't answer for myself. How is it with you, Dean?"

"I shall come back," said Dean, positively. "There's very little chance for me in Waterford."

"Well, perhaps you are right. You'll have a fair start, and you're industrious and enterprising."

They stopped in Denver on their way home, and called at the office of the agent through whom their claims had been sold.

"Gentlemen," said the agent, "may I venture to give you some advice?"

"Certainly," said Rawson.

"The best thing you can do with a part of your money is to invest in real estate in this town."

Eben Jones shook his head.

"I'm going to buy a farm at home, and put the rest of the money in the savings bank," he said.

"How is it with you, Mr. Rawson?"

"No doubt your advice is good, but I want to let the folks at home see what I have brought in solid cash."

"And you?" continued the agent, turning to Dean.

"I will invest two thousand dollars in Denver lots," said Dean, promptly, "and take the rest home as a present to my uncle and aunt."

"You won't regret it. Denver is growing rapidly. I predict that the lots will double in your hands in a year."

Dean took a walk round the embryo city with the agent, and made a purchase of ten lots on Lawrence street in accordance with his judgment.

"Now," said the agent, smiling, "I shall be sure to see you out here again."

CHAPTER XXXV.

AFFAIRS IN WATERFORD.

Leaving Dean in Denver, let us go back to Waterford and see how matters stood in that quiet little village.

With Adin Dunham they did not go well. He had an attack of rheumatism during the winter which hindered him from working for several weeks, and so abridged his earnings. Both he and his wife missed Dean, whose lively and cheerful temperament enlivened the house. They were troubled, too, because months had passed since they had heard from him.

"I don't know what has happened to Dean," said Adin one Saturday evening, when he sat beside the

kitchen fire with his wife. "Seems to me he'd write if he was in good health. I am afeared something has gone wrong with the boy."

"I hope not, father," said Sarah Dunham, pausing in her knitting.

"So do I, Sarah, but you must agree that it's strange he don't write."

"That's true, Adin. He was always a thoughtful, considerate boy. The house seems lonesome without him."

"So it does, Sarah. But if I only knew he was doin' well I wouldn't mind that. He may have got sick and—"

"Don't say such things, father," said Mrs. Dunham in a tremulous voice. "I can't bear to think anything's happened to the boy."

"But we must be prepared for the worst, if so be the worst has come."

"I am sure he is alive and well," said Sarah Dunham, who was of a more hopeful temperament than her husband.

"Then why don't he write?"

"To be sure, Adin. That's something I can't explain. But Dean's healthy, and he's a good boy who wouldn't be likely to get into mischief. Instead of being prepared for the worst, suppose we hope for the best."

"Maybe you're right, Sarah. I try to be cheerful, but since I was robbed of that thousand dollars luck seems to have been against me. And the worst of it is, Sarah, I'm not getting younger. I shall be sixty-five next month."

"I am not much behind you, Adin, as far as years go."

"I did hope that Dean would be in a position to help me when I got along in years. I mistrust I made a mistake when I let him go out West. If he'd stayed here, he might have been a good deal of help to us both."

"Still there didn't seem to be much of a prospect for the boy."

"He could have managed the farm when he got a little older."

"That is true, but it has never given you a living, Adin. You've had to depend upon your trade."

"He could have learned the same trade. A trade's a good thing for a boy to have to fall back upon."

"He may come back, and realize all your expectations, Adin. We mustn't despond till we have reason to."

"There's another thing that's worryin' me, Sarah—it's the mortgage. Next week six months' interest falls due—twenty-four dollars—and I haven't the money to meet it."

"Squire Bates won't push you, surely."

"I don't know. Once or twice lately when I met the squire he dropped a hint that he was short of money. I didn't say much, but it struck me he had an object in sayin' what he did."

"It's the first time you haven't been ready with the interest, isn't it, Adin?"

"Yes, the very first time."

"Then perhaps he will overlook it this time. You'd bet'er manage to see him about it."

"I'll do it the first time I see him."

That time came sooner than either of them thought. Adin Dunham had scarcely completed his sentence when a knock was heard at the door (Adin had never so far fallen in with city customs as to introduce a door bell.)

Mrs. Dunham rose and opened the door.

"Good evening, Mrs. Dunham," said the visitor, suavely.

"Good evening, Squire Bates," said Sarah in surprise. "Won't you walk in?"

"Yes, thank you. Is your husband at home?"

"Oh, yes, he never goes out in the evening. Adin," she said, preceding the visitor, "here is Squire Bates, who has called to see you."

"I am glad to see you, squire," said the carpenter. "Take a chair, and excuse my gettin' up. My old enemy, the rheumatism, has got hold of me, and I'm too stiff to move easy."

"Oh, you are quite excusable, Mr. Dunham. I am sorry to hear that you are so afflicted."

"It isn't altogether comfortable. Besides, it puts me behindhand. I've lost at last four weeks this winter from these rheumatic pains."

"Ah, indeed!"

"Yes, and as you can imagine, that is a serious thing to a poor man."

"I suppose so," assented the squire, coughing.

"I am glad you came in, squire, because I wanted to speak to you about the interest on that mortgage."

"It falls due next week," said Squire Bates, promptly.

"Just so, and I'm sorry to say that for the first time I shall be unable to meet it."

"Indeed!" returned the squire, his voice stiffening. "That is very unfortunate!"

"So it is, squire, but I hope as it is the first time, you will overlook it," said Adin Dunham, anxiously.

"My dear sir," said the squire, "it is hardly necessary to say that I truly sympathize with you. You believe that, I hope?"

"I thought you would, squire. I didn't believe you'd be hard on me."

"But—you misunderstand me a little, neighbor Dunham—I cannot be as considerate as I would like to be. The fact is, I am very short of money, embarrassed in fact, and I depended on that payment. Perhaps you can borrow it?"

"There's no one in the village likely to accommodate me with a loan unless it's you, squire."

"And I am very short of cash. Indeed it would hardly do for me to lend you money to pay me, would it, now?"

"I am afraid not," said the carpenter, ruefully.

"In fact, neighbor Dunham, I came here this evening to ask if you couldn't arrange to pay the mortgage."

"Pay the mortgage!" echoed Adin Dunham, with a blank look.

"Yes; I thought you might raise the money in some way."

"I wish you'd tell me where, Squire Bates. Eight hundred dollars! Why, it's as big to me as the national debt! I did expect to pay off the mortgage with that thousand dollars, that I was so wickedly robbed of."

"Oh, ah, to be sure! It was a great pity that you were prevented from doing it."

"That robbery broke me down, Squire Bates. I believe it has made me five years older, though it happened less than a year ago. It makes me feel kind of rebellious at times to think that such a villain as the man that robbed me should go unpunished."

"It isn't best to cry over spilt milk," said the squire, who felt obviously uncomfortable under these allusions.

"I can't help thinkin' of it, though, squire."

"To be sure, to be sure!"

"When it was gone, I hoped that Dean would be able to help me to pay up the mortgage some time."

"Have you heard from your nephew lately?"

"Not for months. Have you heard from the man he went out with?"

"Yes, I have heard several times."

"Does he say anything about Dean?"

"He says—but perhaps I had better not tell you. I don't want to distress you," and the squire hesitated.

"Say what you have to say. I can stand it."

"He says he discharged Dean for dishonesty."

"Dean dishonest! Why, squire, you must be jokin'."

"I am sorry to say, neighbor Dunham, that there is no joke about it. Mr. Kirby is not likely to be mistaken."

"I tell you, Squire Bates," said Adin Dunham, angrily, "that my nephew Dean is as honest as I am myself. The man that charges him with dishonesty is a liar! It's a word I don't often use, but I must use it this time."

"I agree with my husband," said Sarah Dunham, her mild blue eyes sparkling with indignation. "Nothing would induce Dean to steal."

"Of course you are prejudiced in your nephew's favor," said the squire, with a slight sneer. "It is very natural, but you can't expect others to agree with you. However, we will drop this subject. I am afraid Dean will never be able to help you. I used to think well of him, though my son Brandon didn't agree with me."

"What can your son Brandon know of Dean compared with mother and me, who have known the boy since his birth?" the carpenter rejoined warmly.

"I won't argue the question, neighbor Dunham. Indeed I feel for you in your disappointment. But to come back to business. You mustn't blame me if I foreclose the mortgage, as the law gives me a right to do. I wouldn't do it, I assure you, if circumstances did not make it imperative."

"Foreclose the mortgage!" repeated Adin in consternation.

"Yes, or I'll give you eight hundred dollars for the place over and above the mortgage."

"Only eight hundred dollars! Why, that would be robbery!"

"Think it over, neighbor Dunham, and don't decide hastily. You'll think differently, I am sure, when you have had time to consider it. I must bid you good-evening now, as I am in haste," and the squire rose quickly, and left the room, followed to the door mechanically and in silence by Sarah Dunham.

"Sarah," said the carpenter with grief-stricken countenance, "this is worse than all. It looks as if we were indeed forsaken by Providence."

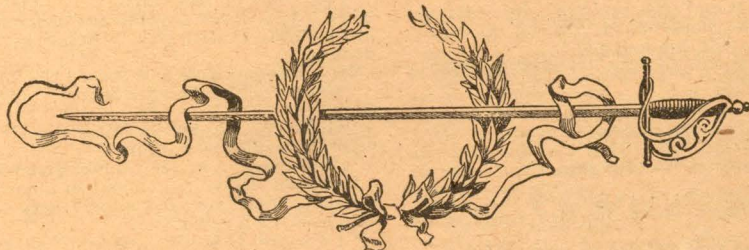
"Hush, Adin! That is wicked. It looks hard, but the Lord may yet give us deliverance."

"I am afraid we shall end our days in the poor-house, Sarah," said the husband gloomily.

"It won't be this year or next, Adin. Eight hundred dollars will support us for two years, and then there is your work besides. Let us look on the bright side!"

But that was not easy for either of them. It seemed to Adin Dunham that his cup of bitterness was full.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)





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("TOM FENWICK'S FORTUNE" was commenced last week.)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story opens in the western mining town of Lodeville. "Tom," a lad of seventeen, employed as a helper at Bixton's hotel is discovered, by means of a handbill from the east, to be a runaway for whom a reward of five thousand dollars has been offered. Tom overhears the reading of the bill and escapes from town on the horse of a Mexican desperado named Montez. He encounters a girl on the road who is being tormented by a band of vagrant Indians. He rescues her, but is overtaken by Montez at the head of a number of citizens. Tom is charged with the grave crime of horse-stealing and is taken back to Lodeville and imprisoned in the town lockup. Dolly Bruton, the girl, promises to persuade her father to come to his assistance.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE LOCKUP.

JOHAN BRUTON made his appearance at the "lockup" early on the following morning, and after a short parley with one of the guards was admitted.

Tom was secretly disappointed at Mr. Bruton's outward appearance. Somehow he had expected to see a man whose dress and manner would suggest a certain degree of influence in the rough community where he seemed to be well known. But excepting for an old tweed shooting coat worn over his woolen shirt, Mr. Bruton's outward attire did not differ materially from that of his own ranchers and cowboys.

Yet John Bruton was the owner of "cattle on a thousand hills," and his moneyed wealth was estimated at nearly half a million.

For the rest he was tall and strongly built, with slightly stooping shoulders and beard sprinkled with gray.

Nodding familiarly to Tom, he seated himself on the edge of the bunk, eyeing him sharply for a moment without speaking. Then he smiled broadly.

"Dolly was right," he said; "you're square as a brick. I know an honest face when I see it—so does she. But how happened you to get into such a scrape?"

Tom hesitated a moment, but only a moment. The shrewd, kindly face was inviting to confidence, and Tom felt sorely the want of a friend.

"Well, you see, Mr. Bruton, in the first place I—ran away from home."

"But what for? You don't look like a chap that has been ill treated."

"N-o-o-o," said Tom, slowly, "my stepfather wasn't one of that kind. But after mother died he wanted everything his own way."

"Oh, a stepfather, eh? Well, how do you mean by his own way?"

Tom shrugged his shoulders.

"Mr. Parlin is a very rich man, and lives in great style. He never really liked me, because I wasn't accustomed to that sort of thing. My own father had enough to make us comfortable—nothing more; and somehow I couldn't fit into the big house with servants in livery and all that sort of thing."

"Wanted to kick over the traces, eh?"

"I—suppose so," returned Tom, encouraged by a slight twinkle in his listener's eye. "But I didn't un-

til Mr. Parlin told me after I graduated from high school that he'd decided for me to study law."

Mr. Bruton glanced at Tom's broad shoulders and athletic frame. Then he whistled softly, but made no comment.

"I'm not fit for a lawyer," Tom blurted out. "If he'd let me go in for civil engineering, which I've a taste for, there'd been no trouble. But he was horrified at the idea. We had words, and—I went away one night."

"And struck for the West?"

"Oh, no. This was the first time—when I was sixteen. I joined Vanderlyn's yacht, and took a cruise round the world. I was gone a year and two months. They made me quartermaster coming back. But I didn't like sea life well enough to follow it up."

"And I suppose your stepfather liked it less."

"I should say so. For so dignified and pompous a man, he was in an awful rage with me. Said I'd disgraced his family name by my low tastes, and all that. Finally he ended by telling me to leave the house and never darken his door again till I was ready to say I'd enter Brief and Suem's law office."

"And I suppose you went?"

"I did—the very next day. Mother had left me some money, and I drew a thousand dollars. Then I started for the West."

"What under the sun did you go to work at Bixton's with a thousand dollars in your pocket for?"

Tom laughed.

"For one thing, I wanted to get used to horses, and to learn the ways of the people out here. I only meant to stay till I could see my way clear to something different, anyhow. And I thought if Mr. Parlin changed his mind and sent after me, a detective wouldn't look for me as a helper in a stable."

"It seems by the placard at Bixton's that he has changed his mind. And I understand that Bixton and the detective are quarreling about the reward. That is, if—"

"If what? If they get me back East?"

"No, I didn't mean that exactly," returned Bruton with an involuntary contraction of his forehead. "The—magistrate," he went on, after a little pause, "is away at San Juan for a couple of days, so I'm afraid you'll have to content yourself as best you can under lock and key till he gets back, for of course there can't be any trial till then."

Tom uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"Two days in this cattle pen!" he said, half despairingly; "why, it will drive me wild. Confinement

of any kind is the hardest thing in the world for me to bear. I was made for an out-of-door life."

"You'll have to stand it, though. I offered to be responsible for your appearance, but they wouldn't listen to it. That Montez is—"

Here Bruton checked himself suddenly, and began questioning Tom concerning the affray between himself and the Mexican, with all that followed.

"Dolliver, the magistrate, is a fair man, according to his lights," remarked Bruton, after he had heard Tom through without interruption; "and with what little influence I may have in the matter I think he'll let you off with a nominal fine—if he gets back in time."

"Get's back in time!" repeated Tom vaguely.

"Before imprisonment drives you wild, as you say it will," hastily returned Bruton, with a show of lightness. "But I must be going now. Keep up your courage. You'll hear from me in some way before long. Only don't be surprised at my messenger or what he may bring you—if I should send one."

With this rather enigmatical closing, Bruton rose and extended his hand.

"I can't thank you properly," began Tom, rather brokenly, "but—"

"No thanks. I don't forget your service to Dolly. She's as fearless as she is good, but the child didn't realize the hidden devilry there is in those Indians, and Blueskin is the worst of his kind. Now I must go."

When the heavy door had closed behind his new friend, Tom felt a vague feeling of uneasiness creeping over him. He remembered Bruton's hesitation; his twice repeated "if." And vaguely to mind came a recollection of prisoners who, for real or supposed crimes, had been taken by force from Western jails and hung without the benefit of judge or jury, by men of lawless passions.

Yet when we read of similar tragedies or terrible deaths we are apt to think of them as liable to happen to any one excepting ourselves. And so with Tom, who gradually persuaded himself that the thing shadowed in his mind could not by any possibility occur. And as far as possible he dismissed the matter from thought.

The day was a tremendously long one. From time to time Tom varied the monotony of walking the hard clay floor by peering through one of the wider chinks between the logs.

The view was not particularly inspiring at best. The mountain winds swept the dust in whirls and eddies through the long street, which everywhere was strewn with empty bottles, meat tins, and refuse of all sorts. Not a tree or shrub was in sight below the higher range of the foothills. As was customary, those who were not at work in the mines above were asleep in their cabins below.

At the further end of the thoroughfare Bixton's hotel loomed up aggressively red and staring among its humbler whitewashed neighbors. There seemed a more than usual stir about the premises. Tom noticed a dozen or more horses standing about the yard, as well as quite a little gathering on the stoop. Men were coming and going between the various saloons, which, excepting on Sunday, was not common to Lodeville in the daytime.

The day wore slowly on and drew to a close, its weary monotony only broken by the appearance of his jailer bringing Tom's meals.

Once Tom ventured to ask for reading matter, but was refused.

"We ain't lit'rary folks here to Lodeville. We leave that for Eastern tenderfeet that come out here hoss stealin'," was the curt response.

As darkness settled down from the hill tops, Main street became ablaze with lights, and Lodeville was again awake. From saloons and small gambling dens Tom could hear the sound of hoarse laughter and boisterous revelry echoing on the stillness of the evening air. Some mounted cowboys from a neighboring ranch came clattering down the street. A fight began on the corner, and a pistol shot rang out, followed by a hoarse cry, after which came a tumult of excited voices. It was evident that the evening festivities were beginning.

"Hallo, Snowball, whar you boun'?"

One of Tom's guards was the questioner. By the light of the flickering oil street lamp before his prison house, Tom saw through the crevice that the party addressed was a colored lad somewhere near his own

age with a banjo in a green baize covering under his arm.

"I'se gwine furdur up de street to play in some ob dem saloons, sah."

The accentuation was that of the true plantation negro, and the appearance of the speaker carried out the suggestion.

He was as black as the proverbial ace of spades, with the kinkiest of wool topped by a dilapidated straw hat. His trousers were patched, and his shirt, open at the throat, displayed an expanse of ebony hued chest.

"Ain't you one of the song an' dance chaps was with Myers' show that busted here a couple of weeks sence?" asked another, beckoning the colored boy, who advanced with seeming reluctance.

"De same, sah. I'se George Washington, one ob de celebrated De Jones brudders. Dunno whar Jim drifted to when de show bruk up. Be'n walkin' on my uppers pickin' up jobs roun' de ranches, but dat's too hard work. Pickin' up de banjo's easier, so I'se calcalatin' to work froo to 'Frisco somehow an' get an' engagement."

While he was thus talking Mr. De Jones sauntered leisurely toward the guards.

"What's dis ar buildin'—a cattle pen?"

"You kin call it so if you like. Say, give us a tune, brudder De Jones. You'll git a crowd here nigh as quick's you would to the saloons, an' them that'll shell out the dimes, too."

The minstrel walked to the side of the lockup and seemed to look it over curiously. Then, laying his banjo at his feet, he turned, and, leaning his back against the logs with his hands clasped behind him, gave one of those rich, rollicking laughs peculiar to the African.

"Hi-yah-yah-yah!"

"Well, what is it, Snowball?"

"I wuz thinkin' dis yer corncob buildin' minded me ob de time we wuz showin' ober in Mizzouri."

And then Mr. De Jones entered upon an anecdote which has no place here. It was a rambling story having but little point, and padded out with innumerable guffaws.

Now Tom had been listening with the listless curiosity that might have been expected under the circumstances.

All at once from between the logs directly behind the darky's body a wad of the moss used in the chinking fell inward almost at Tom's feet.

"Only don't be surprised at my messenger or the message he may bring you."

Instinctively Mr. Bruton's words flashed across Tom's remembrance. Breathlessly he waited what might come next.

"An' now you heard de story. I'se goin' to gib you white folks a song."

Almost simultaneous with the remark, something long and slim, wrapped in a piece of white paper, followed the moss.

"But we don't want no singin' without you plunk the banjo," Tom heard one of them say, as he snatched up what had fallen with trembling fingers.

George Washington De Jones was heard to murmur a hesitating consent. Picking up the banjo, he walked away, and, taking a position under the street lamp, began tuning the instrument, while a little crowd gradually assembled.

Eagerly Tom withdrew to a place near the door, where a few feeble rays from the lamps without streamed through the apertures.

He held in his hands a long, slender saw of the kind known as the "keyhole" pattern, with a straight handle like that of a knife. Around the blade was a hastily written note, reading thus:

"Montez has worked up a gang to break open the lockup and take you out some time toward morning. They say to tar and feather you, but I fear something worse. You will know what to do with what I send. Work at the rear. The colored fellow will hold their attention in front. Strike for the creek, and follow to the bridge where it crosses the north trail. Wait there, and George will join you. Leave the rest to him."

There was no name signed, but that was not necessary. Tom tore the message into bits and chewed them to a pulp. Then without further delay he prepared for what he had to do.

Before beginning his daring attempt, he took a precautionary peep from the front of his prison.

In the center of a grinning circle, among which were Clary and Lewis, his two guards, stood the colored lad—his head thrown back and banjo in position, attacking the usual preliminary interlude.

Clary whispered something to his mate, who nodding, caught a lantern from the ground, and with his Winchester in the hollow of his arm, strode toward the lockup.

With a perception of his purpose Tom bolted into the berth, and, enveloping himself from head to heels in his blankets, began snoring musically.

The door was flung open, and the light of the lantern flashed on his recumbent form.

"Well wrapped up, but Eastern tenderfeet is delicate animals anyway," audibly remarked Lewis. Then with another glance he withdrew, and Tom chuckled as he heard the bolt snap in the big padlock outside.

"Opening chorus," called the minstrel, after the manner of his kind. Then he began:

"Call me your darling again,
And give me the dear smile I implore;
Say that I love not in vain;
Oh keep me in sorrow no more."

Clear and true rose the singer's voice, which was one of singular strength and pathos. A roar of applause followed, despite the maudlin sentiment, seemingly foreign to the surroundings.

"Now give us somethin' more nat'ral like. We ain't much in the 'yum yum' line," shouted some one. Striking a few notes, the singer began again—in a different key:

"Come friends and list to a terrible tale,
I'm an object of pity and looking quite pale,
I left off my trade selling Ayers' pills
To go and hunt gold in the dreary Black Hills."

Chorus.

"Oh don't go away. Pray stay if you can
Far from the city called Fatal Cheyenne,
Where big Wallopee and Comanche Bill
Will take off your scalp if you go to the hill."

A perfect furore followed this chaste and pathetic production. Meanwhile, on his knees under the table, Tom Fenwick was sawing away for his life.

CHAPTER V.

THE ESCAPING PRISONER.

The sharp saw cut into the seasoned pine logs of the lockup rapidly in Tom Fenwick's firm grasp. One of them was sawed entirely through when Mr. George Washington De Jones completed his second song.

"I shall never forget that fellow's singing," thought Tom, beginning his second cut about two feet to the right.

This time George De Jones, after passing round his battered hat, broke into one of these so-called "jubilee" songs, which perhaps owe their popularity largely to the sweet minor key in which so many of them are sung.

It was the first time Lodeville had ever listened to anything of the kind, and the rough audience went quite wild over the song, "Oh Ring dem Golden Bells." After which came one which had a certain appropriateness for the occasion. At any rate so thought Tom, as drawing a long breath of satisfaction, he pulled the severed section of log from its place, leaving an opening quite large enough for his exit:

"Oh Dan'l was sabled from de lion's den,
I'se gwine to weep no more;
De Hebbrew chillen from de fiery pen,
I'se gwine to weep no more.
De Lord can set de pris'ner free,
I'se gwine to weep no more;
An' so He'll rescue you an' me,
I'se gwine to weep no more."

Before leaving his prison house Tom took the precaution to roll his blankets together in shape something like the human form, and stow them at the further side of his bunk as a sort of "dummy" in case of a second visitation from his jailors before midnight. Then, squeezing himself through the opening

he had made, he replaced the sawn section, and looked about him.

The lockup faced the street about three-fourths of the way down. Behind it was a rocky waste, sloping to a gully through which ran the creek mentioned in the message.

Above the noisy tumult from the saloons Tom could hear the notes of George De Jones' banjo, accompanied by his clear tenor voice in song after song as they were called for by his delighted audience.

"Good-by, Lodeville—I've seen all I ever want to of a mining town," he muttered. Dropping upon hands and knees, he wormed his way through and over various obstructions down to the bed of the gully. Then, rising, Tom followed along the creek—a turbid, sluggish stream that formed a branch of the Rio Colorado.

The sky was half hidden by fleecy clouds, through which straggling moonbeams sent light enough to enable the fugitive to get on with considerable speed; and in less than an hour, he reached the rude bridge that crossed the north trail.

Here began the growth of willow and cottonwood on the banks of the creek, which extended brokenly over the rolling country to the north and east. Concealing himself in a thick clump, Tom waited with what patience he might the coming of George Washington De Jones.

But hour after hour passed without the slightest sign of the colored lad.

Crickets chirped, frogs croaked, and an occasional coyote gave tongue in the distance. The night air grew damp and heavy as the hours dragged slowly on, and Tom, none too warmly clothed, shivered when every now and then he awakened from an uneasy drowse.

His situation was not a pleasant one. He was a fugitive, cold, hungry, and unarmed, with a price on his head, escaping captivity to avoid being hung for a horse thief.

He had just made an enemy—two, in fact, including Blueskin—who, he felt quite sure, would lose no time in revenging himself, should ever opportunity occur.

"Perhaps I should have been wiser to have stayed East and studied law, after all," he thought with a combined sigh and shiver.

The night shadows gradually began lifting. A streak in the east spake of coming dawn. Where on earth was George Washington De Jones? What did Mr. Bruton—

"Dar's a camp meetin' down to Huckleberry Swamp,
Oh, let my people go.
Is you anywhars 'round, you runaway scamp?
Oh, let my people go."

Tom uttered a joyful exclamation as his rescuer's voice suddenly broke upon his ear. Round a bend in the wagon trail Tom saw him approaching with the banjo under his right elbow, occasionally picking a stray note from its strings. And De Jones looked as fresh and cheerful as possible.

"Here I am," called Tom, rising with some difficulty by reason of his cramped limbs.

"Oh, ain't I glad—get out de wilderness!" chanted the ebony minstrel. And then, executing a most marvelous pigeon wing, he approached and eyed Tom curiously for a moment without speaking.

Seeing him for the first time distinctly, Tom noticed that his features, though intensely black, had not the distinctive African type. His eyes were soft and dark, but the nose was aquiline rather than flat, and the mouth well shaped, without the thick lips peculiar to the race.

"So you're Mars Tom Miss Dolly done tell 'bout," said George Washington, slowly; "how you sabe her from dem Injuns an' all dat. Least we could do, she say, was help you out. An' I reckon we done it up in good shape, eh?"

"You did indeed, George," Tom returned, earnestly, "and I shan't forget your share in the matter, I can assure you. But hadn't we better be getting further away? They'll find out my escape before long."

"No hurry," coolly returned De Jones, "dat's dis-cubbered mor'n two hour 'go. Ki yah—warn't dat fun, dough! mor'n twenty ob 'em—faces brack as dis chile's, tie dem two guards an' bust in de lockup door. Montez was first in, an' grab for you—not'in' but roll of blanket! Golly, how he swear!"

Tom could but laugh despite his anxiety.

"What did they do then?"

"Some one t'ink he see feller light out toward San Juan 'bout midnight, on hossback. So de hull caboodle put off full chisel. 'Spec' dey's half way dar now. You hungry?"

"I just am," was the emphatic reply. Tom's appetite was of the healthiest, and danger had not affected it in the least.

Motioning his companion to a seat by the creek side, George produced from one end of the banjo covering a paper parcel of ham sandwiches.

"Had all de grub I wanted las' night. Hoe in libely," he remarked. And Tom did so.

From the opposite end of the covering which had been hung over one shoulder like saddlebags, George poured into his straw hat, placed on the ground for the purpose, a perfect shower of silver pieces, which he counted with considerable swiftness.

"Fourteen dollar sixty-t'ree cent—dat not bad considerin'," he remarked with a curious upward glance at Tom.

"No, indeed," was the warm response, "and here—I didn't pay for my share of the music."

Throwing over his vest, Tom took a gold piece from one of the compartments of a money belt about his waist.

But to his surprise the colored lad shook his head vigorously.

"No sah. Dat wasn't in the 'greement 'tween me'n Mars Bruton." And all Tom's urging failed to shake his purpose.

George replaced the silver, and turned with a rather quizzical look to his companion.

"S'pecs you ain't one o' dem proud chaps dat's shamed to hab a brack feller for a fren'."

"By Jove, I should hope not, especially a friend who has risked as much for me as you have."

"Dat's all right, den. Now, I hab lil' scrub en de crick—den we go."

From a capacious hip pocket, which seemed to contain a multiplicity of articles, George Washington gravely produced a bit of yellow soap and a section of towel.

Retiring behind a willow clump, he began his ablutions, which, considerably to Tom's surprise, were somewhat lengthy.

"Now, then, Tom, if you're ready, we'll vamose this ranch for the other."

Tom started, stared, and rubbed his eyes. Was he dreaming? Before him stood a bright-faced young fellow of about sixteen, clear-skinned and clear-limbed in a double sense—his every movement having a certain wiry activity that was very suggestive. His short hair, clipped close to the scalp was coal black, in marked contrast to the whiteness of his features, which, however, was not due to ill health.

In one hand he held a wig of the kind peculiar to the burnt cork fraternity. This he held up, with a laugh.

"Thought I'd rattle you a bit! But come on—it's almost sunrise. We can talk as we go along. Shouldn't wonder, though, if they sent one of the boys forward with a couple of spare horses."

"How long have you been at Mr. Bruton's ranch?" was the first question that rose to Tom's lips.

"About a week. He's my uncle, only I hadn't ever seen him before. And say—George Washington De Jones was only my stage name. I'm Phil Amsted by rights."

But Tom was so bewildered by the oddity of the whole transaction that he had no words in response.

"Trail turns to the left at that clump of scrub pine. The other one goes on to Wasuma Gap."

Thus saying, Tom's new friend struck into a well-

beaten track leading across a swelling interval of short thick grass turning brown in spots.

Over the upland, just beginning to be tinged with the gold of coming dawn were scattered herds of cattle grazing and bunches of horses.

Lofly hills rose as a background—themselves dwarfed by the mighty mountain ranges behind them.

Beautiful as it was, Tom's curiosity regarding his new acquaintance for the time absorbed his entire attention.

"How long have you been doing this sort of thing?" he suddenly asked—touching the banjo with his finger.

"The burnt cork biz? Oh, a couple of years off and on. But not to make it a specialty till I joined Myers'. And then I took to it so naturally that half the time I'd almost think I was George Washington De Jones. Same as Joe Jefferson in 'Rip,' you know."

"Well, you deceived me pretty thoroughly. I never dreamed you were white."

"No, I supposed not. I kept it up a little longer than I should have for the fun of seeing how you'd look when I came out in my true color."

"But do you always mean to be a—what do you call it—professional?"

A look half thoughtful, half sad, stole across Phil's well-cut features.

"I—don't know. Sometimes I think yes—sometimes no. But I'm a waif and a stray. Father was killed by the Indians somewhere in Nevada in '71. Mother died when I was five years old. There was no one who belonged to me—except Uncle Jack, and mother hadn't heard of him for years."

"Well?" said Tom, growing interested.

"Mother," continued Phil with a little hesitation, "was in the circus. But a better woman—" with a sort of defiance in his tone—"never drew breath. Even Madame Ducrow, who hated her because she rode better, said so. The madame took me for a time. I did the Infant Bacchus act with her till I was too large. Then I was put on the pad—"

"Pad?"

"Pad saddle—flat and easy enough to stand on with a steady going ring horse, when you're a bit used to it. After that came bareback riding. I've tumbled a bit and done the trapeze beside. But the madame was killed in the ring, and her husband took to beating me more than I liked. So I bolted. Same as I hear you did—only for different reasons."

"What next?"

"Oh—it's too long a story. I've traveled with a dozen different shows over the country, beside Mexico and the West Indies. Some time I'll tell you more if you like—not now."

"How did you know that I bolted—ran away from home?"

"From Uncle Jack. And somehow he got wind of Montez's plans. I had my stage makeup in a grip at the ranch, and among us we laid out to circumvent 'em, which I think we did."

By this time the two had reached the higher plateau commanding a view of the surrounding country. Lodeville was in plain sight on the south, looking nearer than it really was by reason of the extreme rarity of the atmosphere. Far away to the west the snow-capped peaks of the Rockies were dimly outlined against the sky.

"Why there's Dolly herself bringing the spare horses," exclaimed Phil.

Sure enough, from the rear of a bluff around which the wagon trail made a gentle curve appeared the pretty equestrienne. In one hand she held the lariats of two sturdy broncos, keeping even pace with the long lope of her own.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



RULES AND REGULATIONS

Governing the Admission of Candidates Into the Military and Naval Academies as Cadets.

(Compiled from Official Documents.)

UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY.

(Part II.)

The candidate is then required to take and subscribe an oath or affirmation in the following form:

"I, -----, do solemnly swear that I will support the Constitution of the United States, and bear true allegiance to the National Government; that I will maintain and defend the sovereignty of the United States, paramount to any and all allegiance, sovereignty, or fealty I may owe to any State or country whatsoever; and that I will at all times obey the legal orders of my superior officers, and the rules and articles governing the armies of the United States."

Sworn and subscribed at -----, this ----- day of -----, eighteen hundred and -----, before me.

Qualifications.—The age for the admission of cadets to the Academy is between seventeen and twenty-two years. Candidates must be unmarried, at least five feet in height, free from any infectious or immoral disorder, and, generally, from any deformity, disease, or infirmity which may render them unfit for military service. They must be well versed in reading, in writing, including orthography, in arithmetic, and have a knowledge of the elements of English grammar, of descriptive geography (particularly of our own country), and of the History of the United States.

CHARACTER OF EXAMINATIONS.

PHYSICAL EXAMINATION.

Every candidate is subjected to a rigid physical examination, and if there is found to exist in him any of the following causes of disqualification to such a degree as would immediately, or at no very distant period, impair his efficiency, he is rejected:

1. Feeble constitution; unsound health from whatever cause; indications of former disease; glandular swellings or other symptoms of scrofula.
2. Chronic cutaneous affections, especially of the scalp.
3. Severe injuries of the bones of the head; convulsions.
4. Impaired vision, from whatever cause; inflammatory affections of the eyelids; immobility or irregularity of the iris; fistula lachrymalis, etc.
5. Deafness; copious discharge from the ears.
6. Loss of many teeth, or the teeth generally unsound.
7. Impediment of speech.
8. Want of due capacity of the chest, and any other indication of a liability to a pulmonic disease.
9. Impaired or inadequate efficiency of one or both of the superior extremities on account of fractures, especially of the clavicle, contraction of a joint, deformity, etc.
10. An unusual excurvature or incurvature of the spine.
11. Hernia.
12. A varicose state of the veins of the scrotum or spermatic cord (when large), hydrocele, hemorrhoids, fistulas.
13. Impaired or inadequate efficiency of one or both of the inferior extremities on account of varicose veins, fractures, malformation (flat feet, etc.), lameness, contraction, unequal length, bunions, overlying or supernumerary toes, etc.
14. Ulcers, or unsound cicatrices of ulcers likely to break out afresh.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.

(Part II.)

NOMINATION (continued.)

VIII. "All candidates for admission into the Academy shall be examined according to such regulations and at such stated times as the Secretary of the Navy may prescribe. Candidates rejected at such examination shall not have the privilege of another examination for admission to the same class unless recommended by the Board of Examiners." (Rev. Stat., Sec. 1515.)

IX. "When any candidate who has been nominated upon the recommendation of a Member or Delegate of the House of Representatives is found, upon examination, to be physically or mentally disqualified for admission, the Member or Delegate shall be notified to recommend another candidate, who shall be examined according to the provisions of the preceding section." (Rev. Stat., Sec. 1516.)

X. Candidates will be examined physically by a board composed of three medical officers of the Navy at the Naval Academy. Any one of the following conditions will be sufficient to cause the rejection of a candidate, viz:

- Feeble constitution, inherited or acquired;
 - Retarded development;
 - Impaired general health;
 - Decided cachexia, diathesis, or predisposition;
 - Any disease, deformity, or result of injury that would impair efficiency; such as—
 - Weak or disordered intellect;
 - Cutaneous or communicable disease.
 - Unnatural curvature of spine, torticollis, or other deformity;
 - Inefficiency of either of the extremities or large articulations from any cause;
 - Epilepsy or other convulsions within five years;
 - Impaired vision, disease of the organs of vision, imperfect color sense; visual acuteness must not fall below fifteen-twentieths of the normal in either eye;
 - Impaired hearing or disease of the ear;
 - Chronic nasal catarrh, ozæna, polypi, or great enlargement of the tonsils;
 - Impediment of speech to such an extent as to impair efficiency in the performance of duty;
 - Disease of heart or lungs or decided indications of liability to cardiac or pulmonary affections;
 - Hernia, complete or incomplete, or undescended testis;
 - Chronic ulcers, ingrowing nails, large bunions, or other deformity of feet;
 - Loss of many teeth, or teeth generally unsound.
 - Attention will also be paid to the stature of the candidate, and no one manifestly under size for his age will be received at the Academy. In the case of doubt about the physical condition of the candidate, any marked deviation from the usual standard of height or weight will add materially to the consideration for rejection. Five feet will be the minimum height for the candidate.
- XI. Candidates will be examined mentally by the academic board in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, English grammar, United States history, and algebra. Deficiency in any one of these subjects will be sufficient to insure the rejection of the candidate.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EDITORIAL CHAT

Address all communications to "Army and Navy Weekly," STREET & SMITH,
238 William Street, New York City.

Our readers will have noticed that the publishers of the Army and Navy have made a decided and radical change in the cover this week. It is only one more step in the onward march of improvement and an added proof of the intention to make this periodical the foremost of its kind in the United States. The new cover being highly artistic and bearing a new illuminated illustration each week, will add greatly to the general attractiveness of the publication. Scenes from the various stories, complete and serial, will be used. In the present number a stirring incident described by William Murray Graydon in his intensely interesting serial, "In Forbidden Nepal," is the subject.

* * *

No. 22, out November 13, will be a special football number. A series of comprehensive articles on this splendid sport, illustrated by many beautiful photographic views of college and school football teams and individual players, will be published. The latest news from teams all over the United States will be given. If you desire to keep posted on our national winter game, read No. 22, Army and Navy.

* * *

The special article by Joseph Coblenz Groff in this issue is the first of a series on the state and private military schools of the United States. Every academy of prominence will be described in detail by the writer, who, from his experience as instructor in military schools, and as a graduate of the famous government naval academy at Annapolis, is thoroughly qualified to deal with this important subject. The series will be embellished by a number of splendid photographic illustrations.

* * *

You have now had an opportunity to read four of the ten military and naval cadet stories selected for the new prize contest. Six still remain—those to be published in Nos. 21, 22 and 23 of Army and Navy—and you are advised to read them with the utmost care. The points to be taken into consideration in the letters sent in are 1st, general interest; 2d, graphic descriptions of incidents; 3d, local coloring, and 4th, style in writing. The prizes offered—which, permit us to again remind you, will be very welcome about Christmas time—are worth a little trouble on your part. And then, if you send in a sensible terse criticism you materially help your favorite publication, Army and Navy. The contest closes December 1 and the prizes will be forwarded in time for holiday week. Address all letters to "Criticism Contest," Street & Smith, 238 William Street, New York City.

* * *

In No. 22 will be published the first instalment of a serial by Matthew White, Jr., who is known throughout the United States as a writer of deeply interesting

juvenile stories. The title, "A Young Breadwinner; or, Guy Hammersley's Trials and Triumphs," indicates the subject. It is a splendid story of a boy's struggles, his temptations and trials, while trying to make his way in the world. Mr. White is especially noted for the sympathetic treatment of his heroes, and in the present story this trait is very prominent. We consider "The Young Breadwinner" one of the best serials it has been our good fortune to publish.

* * *

A reader of Army and Navy writes from Augusta, Georgia, requesting information concerning the trade of machinist. He states that he is seventeen years of age, of good health generally, but not very strong. If the latter is thoroughly correct we are afraid he has made an injudicious selection. A machinist works hard for every dollar he earns, and his daily tasks call for a robust constitution. A good machinist can always secure employment and can command a fair salary. There is a regular scale of wages paid to mechanics, but, of course, special arrangements are made with those who are particularly competent, and we have found that graduates of technical schools receive better wages and advance more rapidly than those who have only served the usual apprenticeship in some machine shop. We believe also that excellent opportunities for learning the machinist trade are given to those who connect themselves with the repair shops of the large railway companies. The diversity of work executed in such shops makes them fine schools for young men desirous of securing ample instruction.

* * *

J. A. A., living in Paterson, N. J., and who gives his age as sixteen, asks if it would be a wise plan for him to go out west for the purpose of bettering his fortune. He says he is fairly well educated, strong and healthy and is making a decent living at present. Our advice to him is to remain where he is. The truth of the old adage "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" has been proved time and again.

* * *

In earlier years it was the roving spirit of mankind that led to the discovery and development of countries, and made possible the America of to-day. But now that civilization has spread from end to end of this great continent, and the growth of cities and communities received equal impetus north, south, east and west, there is little profit in leaving one section of the country for another. If J. A. A. should travel westward he would find the same conditions of labor and livelihood there as here. A living is worth as much in New Jersey as in Minnesota or California.

Arthur Sewall



ATHLETIC SPORTS

AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL



(Brief items of interest on local amateur athletics at the various colleges and schools are solicited. Descriptions and scores of match games will also be published if sent to this department.)

Football Notes.

The first game of football to be recorded this season took place at Warren, Ill., when Warren Academy and Galena came together, the former winning by a score of 32 to 0.

Purdue University, Indiana, expects a successful season of football this fall, and has arranged games in the belief that the college will have a good team to play them.

In the first football game of the season, at Madison, Wis., September 18, the Madison High School eleven easily defeated the team representing the Oregon Athletic Association by a score of 34 to 0.

The following games to be played by the naval academy cadets at Annapolis have been scheduled: November 6, Rutgers; November 13, University of Virginia; November 20, Lehigh; November 25, North Atlantic Squadron; Nov. 27, Cornell Scrubs vs. Naval Academy Hustlers.

There will be but one team in the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute this year, and it will be composed of the preparatory school students. The good work done by the team last year has prompted the coaches to insist on hard, earnest practice, and it is believed that the team will be the best in the athletic annals of the school.

Western college teams will be made up this year mostly of lightweight players, and the majority of these players, in addition to their lack of weight, will be handicapped by a lack of experience. It is quite evident that all along the line the Western colleges will depend in a great measure upon their freshman ranks for material.

Northwestern has lost the two stars who made its team of last year about all that it was—Potter and Van Doozer. They were the backbone of the team, and when they went they took the backbone with them. They will be here to coach the players who will take their places, but their coaching can never be to the eleven what their playing was. The men who will be relied on to do Northwestern's work this year, so far as they are now known, are Captain Hunter Slade, Seiberts, Levings, Gloss and Brewer.

Michigan has lost such old players as Ferbert, Heninger, Villa, Carr, Senter and a few more, whose places must be filled this season by new men and the old substitutes. Michigan has a valuable lot of freshmen coming in, but it is doubtful if many of them can be developed into form for university contests in one season. The most promising of the freshmen are probably the three from the Englewood High School—Teetzel, Henry and Talcott. Besides these there will be a few other players from Chicago and several from elsewhere who will ultimately be developed into strong men.

Athletic Items.

The New Jersey Interscholastic Athletic Association will enter upon its third year of existence this season. It has a membership of seven schools, as follows:

Bordentown Military Academy, Pingry School, Newark Academy, Stevens Preparatory, Montclair High School, Plainfield High School, and East Orange High School.

It is not at all unlikely that several outside schools will apply for membership this fall. Among those most likely to make application are:

Rutgers Preparatory School, Montclair Military Academy, Elizabeth High School, Jersey City High School, Lenk School, and Passaic High School.

The All-America and Baltimore baseball teams which are now en route for California, playing games at the more important Southern cities, began their tour in New Jersey Oct. 10.

The All-America team is composed as follows: Donohue, Chicago, and Alex. Smith, Brooklyn, catchers; Powell, Cleveland; Rhines, Cincinnati; Hastings, Pittsburg, pitchers; Tebeau, Cleveland, first base; Duffy, Boston, second base; Dahlen, Chicago, short stop; Collins, Boston, third base; Burkett, Cleveland, left field; Lange, Chicago, centre field; Stahl, Boston, right field. Frank Selee is manager and Oliver Tebeau captain. All the Baltimore team are represented except McGraw and Robinson.

The Baltimore wear gray uniforms with the orange and black hosiery so familiar to baseball enthusiasts, and the All-Americans are attired in navy blue uniforms and red, white and blue stockings. Each player deposited \$100 with the management to ensure good playing. Any player who fails to take good care of himself forfeits his \$100 and walks back from Frisco. That should put delinquents in good condition for another season.

There is talk of forming an intercollegiate bowling league as soon as the colleges reopen and matters assume a definite enough shape to make the organization practically assured. Bowling has for a number of years been quite popular with collegians, particularly in the New England States. Brown University students being the most active in the sport. At the Rhode Island University more than a hundred students were candidates for last year's team, and the team boasts of a bowling coach to look after the sport. Brown, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Cornell and Rutgers will probably make up the proposed league, with a possibility of Yale, Columbia and Harvard also entering. Arrangements have already been made for a telegraph team match between Cornell and Pennsylvania. Each team will bowl on its own alleys, and the scores will be telegraphed from one to the other at frequent intervals. Pennsylvania will have two teams this year, a 'varsity' for which undergraduates must qualify according to the same eligibility rules as govern the other athletic teams of the university, and the Houston Club team, to which both graduates and undergraduates will be eligible. Of course the 'varsity' team will represent Old Penn in the new intercollegiate association. The encouragement and development of bowling among the collegians will do much to elevate the sport in this country, and will tend to give it an amateur status on a par with other forms of athletic exercises.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Making Gold Bricks.

A quantity of gold recently brought to Seattle from Alaska in the form of dust and small nuggets was converted into bricks of the precious metal by the following process:

The casting was done in the shops fronting on Cherry street, Seattle, and during the day about \$30,000 was handled. In the Second avenue window of the concern was a pan containing \$1,000 worth of dust and nuggets, and a curious crowd pressed around the yellow display until it was finally removed, to be converted into a bright lump about nine or ten inches long, three-eighths of an inch thick, and three inches wide. These pieces were worth \$1,700 each.

The room where all this casting was done was blisteringly hot. It was above the main floor of the wholesale department. The floor is covered with iron. Along one side are canopies of iron that look like the tops of bakers' ovens. These canopies may be closed in front, and rest on platforms of iron in which are countersunk the places for the reception of the crucibles. The fuel is gas and air under pressure. It attacks the vessel of clay in which the plumbago crucibles repose with a roar that can be heard a block away. A faint glow at first colors the clay pot, over which has been placed a cover, also of clay; then it becomes red and then white, while greenish and blue flames play all around it. It is necessary to turn off the blast before the crucible can be looked into, so fierce is the heat.

Down in the bottom of the white mass there is a line that indicates where the gold ends and the vessel begins. When it has become a homogeneous compound, by an instinct born of experience the operator lifts the cover; then the blast is withdrawn. A pair of tongs lifts another cover from the crucible itself, and then the mould is lifted into a pan standing on the iron platform. The tongs are brought into requisition, and the crucible is turned above the mould. A thick lip of red metal protrudes itself, and from under it, in a thin, white stream, runs the gold into the iron mould. A thick cloud of vapor arises from the contact of the melted gold and the grease with which the mould has been smeared. By this time the clamps are loosened, the brick has set and is lifted, a black and unattractive rectangle, into a basin of water. It is soon cooled, and is scrubbed with a brush and soap. Then it looks not unlike so much brass. It is cleaned thoroughly, the dirt that may have been mixed with it is removed, and the bar is weighed.

That is all there is to it. When the dust and nuggets are brought in they are simply turned into the crucible, the rest of the process is described above. The bars are stamped in a dozen places on both sides, and the paying for it completes the deal.

Riding a Sea Monster.

Florida boys have one kind of exciting sport which the young folk of more northern lands know little about. It consists in catching the huge sea turtles which frequent the bays along the southern coast of Florida. The turtles, from which is made the green turtle-soup so familiar to restaurant fare, are confined by the fishermen in huge pens or "turtle-crawls," consisting of fences extending from the shore out into the water. When the fisherman wants a great turtle for market, one of the boys, whose shiny brown body is stripped bare, stands in the prow of the boat as it is pushed from the shore. He watches intently, and presently he sees one of the big turtles taking a nap on the clear white sand of the bottom. He dives quickly, and, swimming down from behind, seizes the turtle firmly by its shell. Of course the turtle wakes up, and like a bucking bronco begins to dash and plunge wildly about, seeking to throw its plucky rider.

Not succeeding in this, it darts quickly to the surface, where the boy gets his first breath. Then down again it goes tearing through the water, and beating the foam with its flippers. But its rider never lets go for a moment, and presently the great turtle grows exhausted, and the boy, by lifting on the front end of the shell, forces it to the boat, where it is quickly loaded aboard and taken away to market. It is great sport, and the boys enjoy it as much as our western boys like a lively young pony to ride.

What He Found Out.

A prisoner condemned to solitary confinement obtained a copy of the Bible, and by three years' careful study obtained the following facts:

The Bible contains 3,586,489 letters, 773,692 words 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters, and 66 books. The word "and" occurs 46,277 times. The word "Lord" occurs 1,855 times. The word "reverend" occurs but once, which is in the 9th verse of the 111th Psalm.

The middle verse is the 8th verse of the 108th Psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters in the alphabet except the letter "j." The finest chapter to read is the 26th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The 19th chapter of the II Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike.

The longest verse is the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther. The shortest verse is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John. The 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st verses of the 107th Psalm are alike. Each verse of the 136th Psalm ends alike. There are no words or names of more than six syllables.

Worth Their Weight in Diamonds.

Certain of the eggs of birds are worth more than their weight in diamonds, while those of certain species which are supposed to have become extinct yield fabulous prices.

A well-marked pair of golden eagle's eggs have been known to fetch \$125. The market value of an egg of the swallow-tailed kite is \$15; of Pallas' sand grouse \$3; while ten times that amount was recently offered for an egg of this Asiatic species taken in Britain.

On the other hand, the eggs of certain of the social breeding birds are so common in their season as to be systematically collected for domestic purposes.

Edison's First Check.

Thomas Edison, the Wizard, tells this story of his first bank check back in the seventies:

"I had just sold my patent of the gold and stock indicator to the Western Union Telegraph company for \$40,000 and had come over to New York to get my money. I went into the company's general offices to close up the sale of my patent. I was immediately recognized by a clerk, who ushered me into the presence of the president, who after a few preliminaries handed me a check for \$40,000. Well, I started out after carefully folding up the check and went toward Wall street. So uncertain was I that I thought on the way that if any man should come up to me and offer me two crisp thousand dollar bills for the piece of paper I should give him up the check willingly. When I got to the bank, the teller wouldn't honor the check for me. As quick as my legs would carry me I rushed back to the Western Union office, and they sent one of their clerks to identify me. I received \$40,000 in large bills. I divided the roll into wads of \$20,000 each and stuffed one into each trouser's pocket, and after bidding the cashier and the telegraph clerk good day made a break to get out of Wall street as quickly as I could. The next day I began work on my first laboratory at Newark."



NOTICE.—Questions on subjects of general interest only are dealt with in this department. As the ARMY AND NAVY WEEKLY goes to press two weeks in advance of date of publication, answers cannot appear for at least two or three weeks. Communications intended for this column should be addressed ARMY AND NAVY WEEKLY CORRESPONDENCE, P. O. Box 1075, New York city.

“Cadet,” Harrisburg, Pa.—The following is the list of September candidates who have passed both the mental and physical examinations for admittance to the Naval Academy as cadets: Bryan A. Long, California; Lewis B. McBride, Pennsylvania; Thomas R. Kurtz, Minnesota; John Downes, Jr., at large; Sidney M. Henry, New York; Ernest A. Brooks, Tennessee; Ernest J. King, Ohio; John P. Jackson, New Jersey; Adolph Andrews, Texas; Wm. Norris, Pennsylvania; B. C. Allen, Kansas; Kelley D. Alsop, Mississippi; John H. Walsh, Washington; Newman R. Perry, South Carolina; William H. Steinhogen, Indiana; James J. Fitzpatrick, Louisiana; John F. Green, North Carolina; Claude Browne, Alabama; Samuel D. Price, Missouri; Raymond S. Keyes, Ohio; Frederick L. Oliver, North Carolina; George F. Blair, Michigan; Edward C. Hamer, Virginia; Leroy Brooks, Jr., Ohio; Edward E. Spofford, Vermont; Caspar Goodrich, Connecticut; Holden C. Richardson, Pennsylvania; Clarence A. Conway, Michigan; Charles S. Kerrick, California; Howard M. Lloyd, Illinois; George P. Brown, California; Joseph L. Hitman, Virginia; Rufus S. Mauley, Kansas; John Rodgers, at large; John J. Hannan, Illinois; Arthur P. Fairfield, Maine; Oscar F. Cooper, North Carolina; Frank R. McCrary, Arkansas; John V. Babcock, Iowa; M. G. Cook, Kansas; Julius A. Furer, Wisconsin; David A. Weaver, Georgia; Joseph S. Lindsay, Kentucky; Jesse B. Gay, South Dakota; Russell Hastings, Ohio.

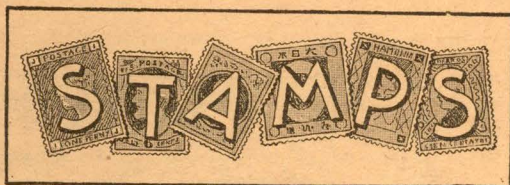
Fanny K., Oshkosh, Wis.—You can make lemon-water ice in the following way: Lemon-juice and water, each half a pint; strong syrup one pint. The rind of the lemons should be rasped off before squeezing with lump sugar, which is to be added to the juice; mix the whole; strain after standing an hour, and freeze. Beat up with a little sugar the whites of two or three eggs, and as the ice is beginning to set, work this in with a spatula, which will be found to much improve the consistence and taste.

C. S., Chicago, Ill.—1. The salaries paid to instructors at preparatory schools vary with the school. It is impossible to state definitely. 2. Graduates of West Point must serve in the army for eight years from the date of admission as a cadet. 3. The percentage in the entrance examination into the U. S. engineer corps is extremely high even for the privates. 4. See special articles now being published in the Army and Navy Weekly on military and naval academy rules and regulations.

M. W., Franklin, Pa.—I. Address the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C., for this information. 2. Congressmen can appoint candidates to the Government academies only when vacancies occur in their district. 3, 4, 5, 6. See special articles now running on the rules and regulations governing admissions into the military and naval academies. 7. Congressmen have the power to appoint candidates to the academies without previous examination.

P. W. B., Lisbon, Ohio.—1. When the back numbers of a publication are declared “out of print” it means that the publishers have none on hand save the usual office copies. 2. We have no intention of reprinting the stories you mention. They are of too recent issue. 3. The subject of Lieutenant Lounsberry's story has not yet been selected.

F. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—The special article on military schools by Mr. Groff published in No. 17, Army and Navy Weekly, will give you the names of adjacent schools. Write to either of them for terms, etc.



(SPECIAL NOTICE.—To insure the safe return of stamps sent to us for examination, correspondents should inclose them in a separate stamped envelope bearing name and address. The prices quoted are from current lists and are subject to change.)

The number of stamps printed of each value of the Newfoundland Cabot issue is as follows: 3-cent, 1,000,000; 1-cent, 2-cent, 4-cent, 5-cent and 6-cent, 400,000; 8-cent, 10-cent, 12-cent and 15-cent, 200,000; 24-cent, 30-cent, 35-cent and 60-cent, 100,000. The plates have already been destroyed, so no more can be printed. The 1-cents have all been sold, and no more can be bought at the postoffice.

Among the countries that have discontinued issuing stamps are the following: British Colonies, Antigua, Dominica, Montserrat, Nevis, St. Christopher and Virgin Islands, now the Leeward Islands; British Columbia, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, now Canada; Griqualand, now Cape of Good Hope; Madagascar, now French; and Oil Rivers Protectorate, now called Niger Coast Protectorate.

An error of the Canada jubilee post card has been seen, on which the inscription is omitted. The card is typographed from steel blocks, being made in two pieces, and the block with the inscription dropped out of the press during the printing of a few copies.

A copy of the 1861 3 cent pink was recently found on an old letter in which the stamp was unperforated and with large margins. Unperforated copies of this stamp have been seen unused, but this is the first used copy that has turned up.

New plate numbers have appeared recently as follows: Nos. 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 2-cents; No. 492, 10-cent special delivery; Nos. 493, 494, 495 and 496, 1-cent; Nos. 497, 498, 499 and 500, 2-cent.

A stamp company has recently been formed in this city with a capital of \$100,000, divided into shares of \$1 each. Any collector wishing to become a partner in a stamp firm can now do so at the moderate outlay of \$1.

F. A. E., Anderson, Ind.—The flying eagle cent of 1856 is worth \$1.50, if perfect. There is no premium on the 1857 or 1858 cents. The J. W. Scott Co., 40 John street, New York, will buy rare coins.

The bars across Spanish stamps signify that the stamps are remainders and sold to dealers as such, and they are far less valuable than postally used specimens.

By a law recently passed all used stamps imported into Italy are classed as lithographic prints, and are subject to a duty of \$15 per 100 pounds.

The current 1-penny English stamp has been surcharged “Gov't. Parcels” in black, for official use.

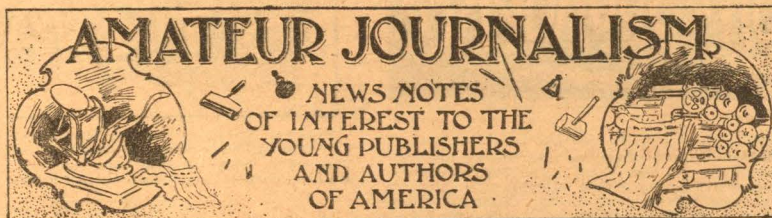
France has one of the highest inland postal rates, 15 centimes, or about 3 cents. per half ounce.

The color of the current 5-cent stamp of Peru has been changed from blue to green.

W. W. W., Aurora, Mo.—There is no premium on the silver dollar of 1846.

J. J. W., Waterloo, Iowa.—We return your stamps marked as requested.

All the remainder of the jubilee stamps of Portugal have been burned.



A PRIZE CONTEST.

To stimulate interest in amateur journalism in the United States and for the purpose of aiding beginners in amateur publishing, the Army and Navy Weekly offers a prize of FIVE DOLLARS IN GOLD for the best article written from actual experience on amateur journalism in general. The articles should not exceed five hundred words in length and must be comprehensive in treatment. That is, they should deal of amateur journalism in all its branches—size, composing, presswork, collection of articles, cost of material, possibilities of advertising, methods of securing subscribers, and whether weekly or monthly issues are considered most advisable.

It should be understood that amateur papers in a strict sense, are those edited and printed by either boys or girls under age.

The prize will be awarded to the most carefully written and comprehensive article. A portrait and brief autobiography of the prize winner will be published.

The contest will close November 1st, 1897.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The "Table" is in receipt of the following amateur publications for September: "Leaves from the Press," "The Storyette" and "Bits and Chips." Also the August number of "Facts and Fancies."

"Leaves from the Press," published by Aller & Co., Trenton, N. J., is issued with a poster cover of considerable merit. The artist, "Savage," if not a professional, is certainly worthy to be classed as one. His design in the current "Leaves from the Press" is excellently drawn and very attractive. The contents of the paper are on a par with the cover. There are several half-tone illustrations, a column of editorial comment, a full page by Sprague William Chambers, the associate editor, a department on club notes by C. I. Geibel, the treasurer-elect of the U. A. P. A., and several other chatty departments conducted by R. Gerald Ballard, J. Fred Crosson, Maurice B. Lippincott and James G. Stickney.

"The Storyette," "Bits and Chips," and "Facts and Fancies" will be reviewed next week.

A new literary society has been formed in Harrisburg, Pa. It is called the "Pivotal City Literary Society," and its object is the advancement of amateur journalism and the elevation of the U. A. P. A. The officers are G. H. Gingrich, president; C. E. Shaffner, vice-president; Ed. H. Weigel, secretary; T. H. Longenecker, treasurer; J. Frank Weigel, official editor and C. A. Jeffries, librarian.

The local press club of the U. A. P. A.—The Amateur Press Club of New York City—held its regular meeting at the residence of Mr. William J. S. Dineen, 1202 Halsey street, Brooklyn, on Sunday, October 3. The business accomplished was as follows: The constitution and by-laws submitted by the committee were passed. The members were photographed, and the election, a very spirited affair, came off very satisfactorily to all. The officers elected were as follows: President, Walter S. Reavely; first vice-president, Charles W. Heins; second vice-president, Miss Lillian Howard; secretary, F. Arthur Atkinson; treasurer, Andrew Howard, Jr.; trustees, William Tobias Butler, chairman; Miss Belle Arnott, Miss Leah Higenbotham; chief of reviews, William J. S. Dineen, Jr.; official editor, Robert R. Gregory. A committee was appointed to select a hall for the regular monthly meeting of the club, and a committee was also appointed to attend to the club pin.

Residents of Greater New York, with literary tastes, are cordially invited to correspond with the secretary, 556 Third avenue, New York City.

Robert R. Gregory,
Official Editor Amateur Press Club of New York City.

COPY HOOK.

Did you ever stop to consider how many people it takes to get out a modern newspaper? The force of one of the big New York dailies exceed 600 employees. This includes all the departments and it means a weekly pay-roll of six figures.

Persons who think journalistic writers are poorly paid for their labor are not altogether correct. An editorial writer on a leading metropolitan daily earns annually at least \$15,000. He receives \$5,000 as editorial writer, an equal amount as a member of the staff of a magazine, and the balance as correspondent of a London paper and from odds and ends picked up as an "occasional contributor."

There is a certain temptation to begin newspaper work, because the newspaper worker gets some pay from the start, if he does anything. If he enters a law office, he may have to pay for the privilege of doing work in that office. The difference is seductive, but where does it lead? A reporter who gets \$20 a week regularly is doing fairly well, though a great many reporters get a good deal more than this. But the tendency, unless a man has a special genius for reporting and a unique originality and picturesqueness of style, is to keep him at about \$20.

Some writers do not seem to understand that while editors object strenuously to rolled manuscript, they have no objections to the form of manuscripts neatly folded. Rolled MSS are objectionable because of the "curl" in the paper, which never gets out when it is once in, and makes them so abominably hard to read. Creases in a manuscript do not injure it in any way, and a small manuscript may better be sent folded than flat. There is no advantage gained by paying letter postage on pasteboard.

The Kin Pan, of Pekin, is the oldest newspaper in the world. The vast Empire of China is so truly a dark continent to us, and we judge all her people by the few specimens we see in our midst, that, though statisticians and historians tell us that the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire are educated and intelligent, to the average thinker the assertion seems an impossibility. And yet it is an established and acknowledged fact that for over a thousand years China has published a newspaper.

The Kin Pan was first published as a monthly; then, as its circulation increased, the intelligence of its readers enlarged and the knowledge of reading spread, it became necessary to issue weekly editions, which was done in 1361. About the beginning of the present century its increasing circulation demanded a daily edition, and since then it has been a daily paper. Within the last decade it has published three editions daily in different colors, the early morning edition being in yellow, the second in white and the last in gray.



OUR JOKE DEPARTMENT.



What He Had Lost.

Old Bullion—"Ah, my boy, I often long for the good old times."

Friend—"That's very strange. You are rich now, but in those old days you were an overworked, bare-footed plowboy on a farm. What had you then that you haven't now?"

Old Bullion (sadly)—"An appetite."

The Philanthropic Shoe Man.

Irate Customer—"Those shoes I bought for my boy last week are half worn out already, and I found a thick piece of pasteboard in the soles. What have you to say to that?"

Dealer—"My dear sir, the pasteboard is put in to keep the feet from touching the ground when the leather wears out. You wouldn't want your little boy to catch cold and die of consumption, would you?"

Didn't Get An Answer.

"Father, I wish you would buy me a pony," said Johnnie.

"I haven't got any money to buy a pony, my son. You should go to school regularly, study hard, and become a smart man, and some of these days when you grow up, you will have money of your own to buy ponies with."

"Then, I suppose, you didn't study much when you were a boy like me, or else you would have money now to buy ponies with, wouldn't you?"

"Those Who Laugh Last, Laugh Best."

Breaking It Gently.

A small boy had a dog that was rough, as most small boys' dogs are, and a little girl who lived next door had a kitten, sly as all cats are. One day the boy came nonchalantly into the girl's presence, and after some desultory conversation, he said:

"You know my dog Barca and your cat Darling?"

"Yes."

"Well, my dog had a piece of meat and he thought your cat was going to take it away from him."

"Thought!" exclaimed the wise girl. "What makes you say that the dog thought? You know dogs don't think, they instinct."

"Well," said the boy, "I don't care whether he thought it or whether he merely instigated it, but anyhow, he killed your cat!"

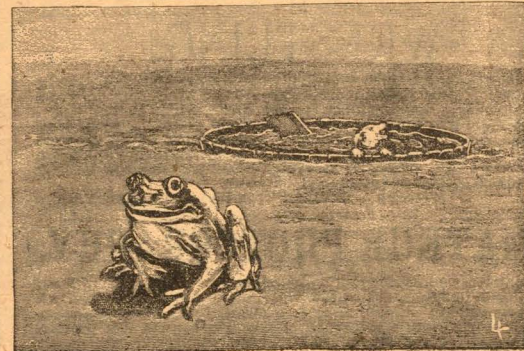
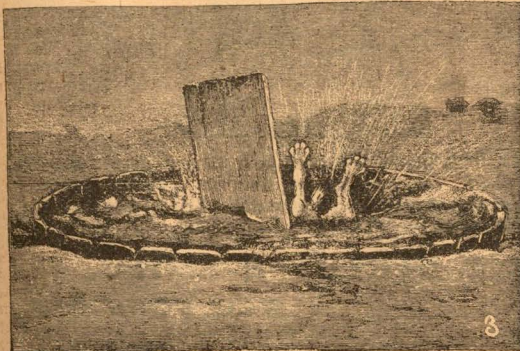
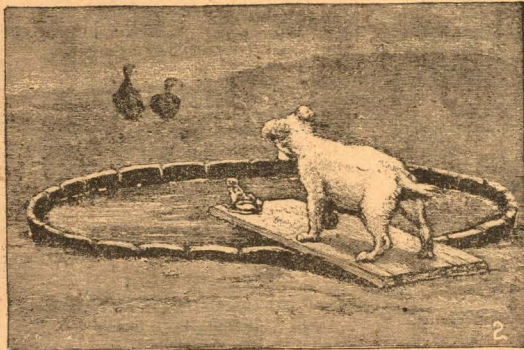
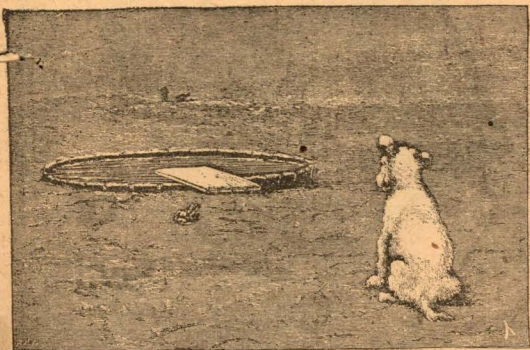
Much Too Busy.

Mrs. Smith—"Mr. Smith asked me to call in and look at the negative of his photograph. He is so busy that he cannot spare the time."

Photographer—"Certainly, madam." (Produces the negative.)

Mrs. Smith—"Ahem!—yes. This is Mr. Smith in the foreground, but who is that man over by the door?"

Photographer—"That is Mr. Smith also, madam. He suddenly recollected that he had a business engagement just as I raised the cap. Pardon me, madam, if I say that I fear your husband is too busy a man to sit for a photograph."



1. "He! he!"
3. "Ow-w!"

2. "Ha! ha!"
4. "Ho! ho!"

Still Young.

Old Resident—"Yes, sir, I'm eighty years old, and I walked thirty miles t'other day. Kin you do that?"
Average Man—"N-o, not yet. I'm only forty."

Had Seen Him.

English Girl (to accepted lover)—"My dear, I think you should see my father."
American Youth—"Oh, I've seen him several times. He looks very respectable."

Scientific Parent (on a stroll)—"You see out there in the street, my son, a simple illustration of a principle in mechanics. The man with that cart pushes it in front of him. Can you guess why? Probably not. I will ask him. Note his answer, my son."

(To Pedlar)—"My good man, why do you push that cart instead of pulling it?"
Pedlar—"Cause I ain't a hoss."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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CHELTENHAM MILITARY ACADEMY.

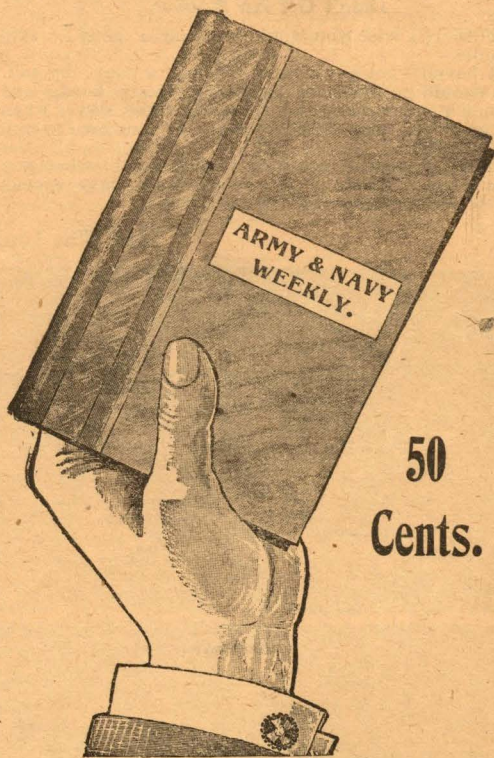
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LIST OF STORIES ALREADY PUBLISHED.

No.

1. Mark Mallory at West Point.
Clifford Faraday's Ambition. A Tale of a Naval Sham Battle.
2. Winning a Naval Appointment; or, Clif Faraday's Victory.
Mark Mallory's Heroism; or, First Steps Toward West Point.
3. The Rival Candidates; or, Mark's Fight for a Military Cadetship.
Clif Faraday's Endurance; or, Preparing for the Naval Academy.
4. Passing the Examinations; or, Clif Faraday's Success.
Mark Mallory's Stratagem; or, Hazing the Hazers.
5. In West Point at Last; or, Mark Mallory's Triumph.
Clif Faraday's Generosity; or, Pleading an Enemy's Cause.
6. A Naval Plebe's Experience; or, Clif Faraday at Annapolis.
Mark Mallory's Chum; or, The Trials of a West Point Cadet.
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